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THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

VOL. II.

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THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

IN TWO PARTS.

By Henry MacKenzie

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE CANTO. HOR.

VOLUME II.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR W. STRAHAN; AND
T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.
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THE MAN of the WORLD.

PART II.

INTRODUCTION.

I WAS born to a life of wandering, yet my heart was ever at home! though the country that gave me birth gave me but few friends, and of thoſe few the greateſt part were early loſt, yet the remembrance of her was preſent with me in every clime to which my fate conducted me; and the idea of thoſe, whoſe aſhes repoſed in that humble ſpot, where

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they had often been the companions of my infant ſports, hallowed it in my imagination with a ſort of ſacred enthuſiaſm.

I had not been many weeks an inhabitant of my native village, after that viſit to the lady mentioned in the firſt volume, which procured me the information I have there laid before my readers, till I found myſelf once more obliged to quit it for a foreign country. My parting with Mrs. Wiſtanly was more ſolemn and affecting than common ſouls will eaſily imagine it could have been, upon an acquaintance accidental in its beginning, and ſhort in its duration; but there was ſomething tender and melancholy in the cauſe of it, which gave an impreſſion to our thoughts of one another, more ſympathetic perhaps than what a ſeries of mutual obligations could have effected.

Before

Before we parted, I could not help aſking the reaſon of her ſecrecy with regard to the ſtory of Anneſly and his daughter. In anſwer to this ſhe informed me, that beſides the danger to which ſhe expoſed herſelf by ſetting up in oppoſition to a man, in the midſt of whoſe dependants ſhe propoſed ending her days, ſhe was doubtful if her ſtory would be of any ſervice to the memory of her friend: that Camplin (as ſhe ſuppoſed by the direction of ſir Thomas Sindall, who was at that time abroad) had univerſally given out, that Miſs Anneſly's elopement was with an intention to be married to him; on which footing, though a falſe one, the character of that young lady ſtood no worſe, than if the truth were divulged to thoſe, moſt of whom wanted diſcernment, as well as candor, to make the diſ-

tinctions which ſhould enable them to do it juſtice.

Several years elapſed before I returned to that place, whence, it is probable, I ſhall migrate no more. My friend Mrs. Wiſtanly was one of the perſons after whom I firſt enquired on my arrival. I found her ſubject to the common debility, but not to any of the acuter diſtreſſes of age; with the ſame powers of reaſon, and the ſame complacency of temper, I had ſeen her before enjoy. "Theſe, ſaid ſhe, are the effects of temperance without auſterity, and eaſe without indolence; I have nothing now to do but to live without the ſolicitude of life, and to die without the fear of dying."

At one of our firſt interviews, I found her accompanied by a young lady, who,

beſides a great ſhare of what is univerſally allowed the name of beauty, had ſomething in her appearance which calls forth the eſteem of its beholders, without their pauſing to account for it. It has ſometimes deceived me, yet I am reſolved to truſt it to the laſt hour of my life; at that time I gave it unlimited confidence, and I had ſpoken the young lady's eulogium before I had looked five minutes in her face.

Mrs. Wiſtanly repeated it to me after ſhe was gone. "That is one of my children, ſaid ſhe, for I adopt the children of virtue; and ſhe calls me her mother, becauſe I am old and ſhe can cheriſh me." —"I could have ſworn to her goodneſs, I replied, without any information beſides what her countenance afforded me."—

"'Tis a lovely one, ſaid ſhe, and her mind is not flattered in its portrait: though ſhe is a member of a family with whom I have not much intercourſe, yet ſhe is a frequent viſiter at my little dwelling; her name is Sindall."—"Sindall!" I exclaimed. "Yes, ſaid Mrs. Wiſtanly, but ſhe is not therefore the leſs amiable. Sir Thomas returned from abroad ſoon after you left this place; but for ſeveral years he did not reſide here, having made a purchace of another eſtate in a neighbouring county, and buſied himſelf, during that time, in ſuperintending the improvement of it. When he returned hither, he brought this young lady, then a child, along with him, who, it ſeems, was left to his care by her father, a friend of ſir Thomas's, who died abroad; and ſhe has lived with his aunt, who keeps houſe for him, ever ſince that period.

The

The mention of ſir Thomas Sindall, naturally recalled to my mind the fate of the worthy, but unfortunate, Anneſly. Mrs. Wiſtanly told me, ſhe had often been anxious in her enquiries about his ſon William, the only remaining branch of her friend's family; but that neither ſhe, nor Mr. Rawlinſon, with whom ſhe had correſponded on the ſubject, had been able to procure any accounts of him; whence they concluded, that he had died in the plantation to which he was tranſported in purſuance of his mitigated ſentence.

She farther informed me, "that Sindall had ſhown ſome marks of contrition at the tragical iſſue of the ſcheme he had carried on againſt the daughter's innocence and the father's peace; and to make ſome ſmall atonement to the dead

for the injuries he had done to the living, had cauſed a monument to be erected over their graves, in the village-church-yard, with an inſcription, ſetting forth the piety of Anneſly, and the virtues and beauty of Harriet. But whatever he might have felt at the time, continued ſhe, I fear the impreſſion was not laſting."

From the following chapters, containing ſome farther particulars of that gentleman's life, which my reſidence in his neighbourhood, and my acquaintance with ſome of the perſons immediately concerned in them, gave me an opportunity of learning, my readers will judge if Mrs. Wiſtanly's concluſion was a juſt one.

CHAP.

CHAP. I.

Some account of the perſons of whom ſir Thomas Sindall's family conſiſted.

THE baronet's family conſiſted, at this time, of his aunt, and the young lady mentioned in the Introduction, together with a couſin of his, of the name of Bolton, who was conſidered as preſumptive heir of the Sindall-eſtate, and whoſe education had been ſuperintended by ſir Thomas.

This young gentleman had lately returned from the univerſity, to which his kinſman had ſent him. The expectations of his acquaintance were, as is uſually the caſe, ſanguine in his favour; and, what

is ſomething leſs uſual, they were not diſappointed. Beſide the ſtock of learning which his ſtudies had acquired him, he poſſeſſed an elegance of manner, and a winning ſoftneſs of deportment, which a college-life does not often beſtow, but proceeded in him, from a cauſe the leaſt variable of any, a diſpoſition inſtinctively benevolent, and an exquiſite ſenſibility of heart.

With all his virtues, however, he was a dependant on ſir Thomas Sindall; and their exerciſe could only be indulged ſo far as his couſin gave them leave. Bolton's father, who had married a daughter of the Sindall-family, had a conſiderable patrimony left him by a parent, who had acquired it in the ſure and common courſe of mercantile application. With this,

and

and the dowry he received with his wife, he might have lived up to the limits of his utmoſt wiſh, if he had confined his wiſhes to what are commonly conſidered the bleſſings of life; but, though he was not extravagant to ſpend, he was ruined by an avidity to gain. In ſhort, he was of that order of men, who are known by the name of projectors; and waſted the means of preſent enjoyment, in the purſuit of luxury to come. To himſelf indeed the loſs was but ſmall; while his ſubſtance was moldering away by degrees, its value was annihilated in his expectations of the future; and he died amidſt the horrors of a priſon, ſmiling at the proſpect of ideal wealth, and viſionary grandeur.

But with his family it was otherwiſe: his wife, who had often vainly endeavour-

ed to prevent, by her advice, the deſtructive ſchemes of her huſband, at laſt tamely yielded to her fate, and died ſoon after him of a broken heart, leaving an only ſon, the Bolton who is now introduced into my ſtory.

The diſtreſſes of his father had been always ridiculed by ſir Thomas Sindall, as proceeding from a degree of whim and madneſs, which it would have been a weakneſs to pity; his aunt, Mrs. Selwyn, joined in the ſentiment; perhaps it was really her own; but at any rate ſhe was apt to agree in opinion with her nephew ſir Thomas, and never had much regard for her ſiſter Bolton, for ſome reaſons no leſs juſt than common: in the firſt place her ſiſter was handſomer than ſhe; ſecondly, ſhe was ſooner married;

and

and thirdly, ſhe had been bleſt with this promiſing boy, while Mrs. Selwyn became a widow, without ever having had a child.

There appeared then but little proſpect of protection to poor Bolton from this quarter; but, as he had no other relation in any degree of propinquity, a regard to decency prompted the baronet to admit the boy into his houſe. His ſituation, indeed, was none of the moſt agreeable; but the happy diſpoſitions which nature had given him, ſuited themſelves to the harſhneſs of his fortune; and in whatever ſociety he was placed, he found himſelf ſurrounded with friends: there was not a ſervant in the houſe, who would not riſk the diſpleaſure of their maſter or Mrs. Selwyn, to do ſome forbidden act of kindneſs to their little favourite Harry Bolton.

Sir

Sir Thomas himſelf, from ſome concurring accidents, had his notice attracted by the good qualities of the boy; his indifference was conquered by degrees, and at laſt he began to take upon himſelf the charge of rearing him to manhood. There wanted only this to fix his attachment: benefits to thoſe, whom we ſet apart for our own management and aſſiſtance, have ſomething ſo particular in their nature, that there is ſcarce a ſelfiſh paſſion which their exerciſe does not gratify. Yet I mean not to rob Sindall of the honour of his beneficence; it ſhall no more want my praiſe, than it did the gratitude of Bolton.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Some farther particulars of the perſons mentioned in the foregoing chapter.

BOLTON, however, felt that uneaſineſs which will ever preſs upon an ingenuous mind along with the idea of dependance: he had therefore frequently hinted, though in terms of the utmoſt modeſty, a deſire to be put into ſome way of life, that might give him an opportunity of lanching forth into the world, and freeing his couſin from the incumbrance of a uſeleſs idler in his family.

Sir Thomas had often made promiſes of indulging ſo laudable a deſire; but day after day elapſed without his putting any

of

of them in execution: the truth was, that he had contracted a ſort of paternal affection for Bolton, and found it a difficult matter to bring himſelf to the reſolution of parting with him.

He contented himſelf with employing the young man's genius and activity in the direction and ſuperintendance of his country-affairs; he conſulted him on plans for improving his eſtate, and entruſted him with the care of their execution: he aſſociated him with himſelf in matters of difficult diſcuſſion as a magiſtrate; and, in the ſports of the field, he was his conſtant companion.

It was a long time before Mrs. Selwyn, from ſome of the reaſons I have hinted, could look on Harry with a favourable

eye.

eye. When ſir Thomas firſt began to take notice of him, ſhe remonſtrated the danger of ſpoiling boys by indulgence, and endeavoured to counterbalance the eſtimation of his good qualities, by the recital of little tales, which ſhe now and then picked up againſt him.

It was not till ſome time after his return from the univerſity, that Harry began to gain ground in the lady's eſteem. That attachment and deference to the ſofter ſex, which, at a certain age, is habitual to ours, is reckoned effeminacy amongſt boys, and fixes a ſtain upon their manhood. Before he went to the univerſity, Harry was under this predicament; but, by the time of his return, he had attained the period of refinement, and ſhowed his aunt all thoſe trifling civilities, which

which it is the prerogative of the ladies to receive, and which Mrs. Selwyn was often more ready to demand than ſome males of her acquaintance were to pay. In truth, it required a knowlege of many feminine qualities, which this lady doubtleſs poſſeſſed, to impreſs the mind with an idea of that courteſy which is due to the ſex; for her countenance was not expreſſive of much ſoftneſs, the natural ſtrength of her features being commonly heightened by the aſſiſtance of ſnuff, and her converſation generally turning on points of controverſy in religion and philoſophy, which, requiring an intenſe exertion of thought, are therefore, I preſume, from the practice of the fair in general, no way favourable to the preſervation or the improvement of beauty.

It

It was, perhaps, from this very inclination for inveſtigating truth, that Bolton drew an advantage in his approaches towards her eſteem. As he was juſt returned from the ſeat of learning, whence diſcuſſions of that ſort are common, ſhe naturally applied to him for aſſiſtance in her reſearches: by aſſiſtance, I mean oppoſition; it being the quality of that deſire after knowlege with which this lady was endued, to delight in nothing ſo much, as in having its own doctrines confronted with oppoſite ones, till they pommel, and belabour one another without mercy; the conteſt having one advantage peculiar to battles of this kind, that each party, far from being weakened by its exertion, commonly appears to have gained ſtrength, as well as honour, from the rencounter.

Bolton

Bolton indeed did not poſſeſs quite ſo much of this quality as his antagoniſt: he could not, in common good-breeding, refuſe her challenge; but he often maintained the conflict in a manner rather daſtardly for a philoſopher. He gave, however, full audience to the lady's arguments; and if he ſometimes ſhowed an unwillingneſs to reply, ſhe conſidered it as a teſtimony of her power to ſilence. But ſhe was generous in her victories: whenever ſhe conceived them completely obtained, ſhe celebrated the proweſs of her adverſary, and allowed him all that wiſdom which retreats from the fortreſs it cannot defend.

There was, perhaps, another reaſon, as forcible as that of obliging Mrs. Selwyn, or attaining the recondite principles

of

of philoſophy, which increaſed Bolton's willingneſs to indulge that lady in becoming a party to her diſquiſitions. There was a ſpectatreſs of the combat, whoſe company might have been purchaſed even at the expence of ſitting to hear Aquinas himſelf diſpute upon theology----Miſs Lucy Sindall. My readers have been acquainted, in the Introduction, with my prepoſſeſſion in her favour, and the character Mrs. Wiſtanly gave in juſtification of it. They were deceived by neither.

With remarkable quickneſs of parts, and the livelieſt temper, ſhe poſſeſſed all that tenderneſs which is the chief ornament of the female character; and, with a modeſty that ſeemed to ſhrink from obſervation, ſhe united an eaſe, and a dignity, that univerſally commanded it. Her vi-

vacity

vacity only roſe to be amiable; no enemy could ever repeat her wit, and ſhe had no friend who did not boaſt of her good-humour.

I ſhould firſt have deſcribed her perſon; my readers will excuſe it; it is not of ſuch minds that I am moſt ſolicitous to obſerve the dwellings: I have hinted before, and I repeat it, that hers was ſuch a one, as no mind need be aſhamed of.

Such was the attendant of Mrs. Selwyn, whoſe company the good lady particularly required at thoſe ſeaſons, when ſhe unveiled her knowlege in argument, or pointed her ſagacity to inſtruction. She would often employ Bolton and Miſs Lucy to read her certain ſelect paſſages of books, when a weakneſs in her own ſight made

reading uneaſy to her; the ſubjects were rarely of the entertaining kind, yet Harry never complained of their length. This ſhe attributed to his opinion of their uſefulneſs; Lucy called it good-nature; he thought ſo himſelf at firſt; but he ſoon began to diſcover that it proceeded from ſome different cauſe; for when Miſs Lucy was, by any accident, away, he read with very little complacency. He never ſuſpected it to be love; much leſs did Lucy: they owned each other for friends; and when Mrs. Selwyn uſed to call them children, Bolton would call Lucy ſiſter; yet he was often not diſpleaſed to remember, that ſhe was not his ſiſter indeed.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

A natural conſequence of ſome particulars contained in the laſt.

THE ſtate of the mind may be often diſguiſed, even from the owner, when he means to enquire into it; but a very trifle will throw it from its guard, and betray its ſituation, when a formal examination has failed to diſcover it.

Bolton would often catch himſelf ſighing when Miſs Sindall was abſent, and feel his cheeks glow at her approach; he wondered what it was that made him ſigh and bluſh.

He would ſometimes take ſolitary walks, without knowing why he wandered out alone:

alone: he found ſomething that pleaſed him, in the melancholy of lonely receſſes, and half-worn paths, and his day-dreams commonly ended in ſome idea of Miſs Sindall, though he meant nothing leſs than to think of ſuch an object.

He had ſtrayed in one of thoſe excurſions, about half a mile from the houſe, through a copſe at the corner of the park, which opened into a little green amphitheatre, in the middle of which was a pool of water, formed by a rivulet that crept through the matted graſs, till it fell into this baſon by a gentle caſcade.

The ſun was gleaming through the trees, which were inverted on the ſurface of the pool beneath; and the ſilence of the ſcene was only interrupted by the murmurs of

the water-fall, ſometimes accompanied by the querulous note of the wood-pigeons, who inhabited the neighbouring copſe.

Bolton ſeated himſelf on the bank, and liſtened to their dirge. It ceaſed; for he had diſturbed the ſacred, ſolitary haunt. "I will give you ſome muſic in return," ſaid he, and drew from his pocket a ſmall-piped flute, which he frequently carried with him in his evening-walks, and ſerenaded the lonely ſhepherd returning from his fold. He played a little plaintive air, which himſelf had compoſed; he thought he had played it by chance; but Miſs Sindall had commended it the day before: the recollection of Miſs Sindall accompanied the ſound, and he had drawn her portrait liſtening to its cloſe.

She

She was indeed liſtening to its cloſe; for accident had pointed her walk in the very ſame direction with Bolton's. She was juſt coming out of the wood, when ſhe heard the ſoft notes of his flute; they had ſomething of fairy-muſic in them, that ſuited the ſcene, and ſhe was irreſiſtibly drawn nearer the place where he ſat, though ſome wayward feeling aroſe, and whiſpered, that ſhe ſhould not approach it. Her feet were approaching it whether ſhe would or no; and ſhe ſtood cloſe by his ſide, while the laſt cadence was melting from his pipe.

She repeated it after him with her voice. "Miſs Sindall!" cried he, ſtarting up with ſome emotion. "I know, ſaid ſhe, you will be ſurpriſed to find me here; but I was enchanted hither by the ſound of

your flute. Pray touch that little melancholy tune again." He began, but he played very ill. "You blow it, ſaid ſhe, not ſo ſweetly as before; let me try what tone I can give it."—She put it to her mouth, but ſhe wanted the ſkill to give it voice.—"There cannot be much art in it,"—ſhe tried it again—"and yet it will not ſpeak at my bidding."——She looked ſtedfaſtly on the flute, holding her fingers on the ſtops; her lips were red from the preſſure, and her figure altogether ſo paſtoral and innocent, that, I do not believe, the kiſſes, with which the poets make Diana greet her ſiſter-huntreſſes, were ever more chaſte than that, which Bolton now ſtole from her by ſurprize.

Her cheeks were crimſon at this little violence of Harry's. "What do you mean,

mean, Mr. Bolton?" ſaid ſhe, dropping the flute to the ground. "'Twas a forfeiture," he replied, ſtammering, and bluſhing exceſſively, "for attempting to blow my flute."—"I don't underſtand you," anſwered Lucy, and turned towards the houſe, with ſome marks of reſentment on her countenance. Bolton was for ſome time rivetted to the ſpot; when he recovered the uſe of his feet, he ran after Miſs Sindall, and gently laying hold of her hand, "I cannot bear your anger, ſaid he, though I own, your diſpleaſure is juſt; but forgive, I entreat you, this unthinking offence of him, whoſe reſpect is equal to his love."—"Your love, Mr. Bolton!"—"I cannot retract the word, though my heart has betrayed me from that prudence which might have ſtifled the declaration. I have not language,

Miſs Lucy, for the preſent feelings of my ſoul; till this moment I never knew how much I loved you, and never could I have expreſſed it ſo ill."—He pauſed—ſhe was looking fixedly on the ground, drawing her hand ſoftly from his, which refuſed involuntarily to quit its hold.—"May I not hope," ſaid he—"You have my pardon, Mr. Bolton"—"But"—"I beg you," ſaid Lucy, interrupting him, "to leave this ſubject; I know your merit, Mr. Bolton——my eſteem——you have thrown me into ſuch confuſion—nay, let go my hand."—"Pity then, and forgive me."——She ſighed——he preſſed her hand to his lips—ſhe bluſhed,—and bluſhed in ſuch a manner——They have never been in Bolton's ſituation, by whom that ſigh, and that bluſh, would not have been underſtood.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Bolton is ſeparated from Miſs Sindall.

THERE was too much innocence in the breaſt of Lucy, to ſuffer it to be furniſhed with diſguiſe. I mean not to throw any imputation on that female delicacy, Which, as Milton expreſſes it,

"---would be woo'd, and not unſought be won."

This, in truth, cannot be call'd art, becauſe nature has given it to all her females. Let it ſimply proceed from modeſty, and it will never go too far; but the affectation of it is ever the conſequence of weakneſs in the head, or cruelty in the heart.

I believe Miſs Sindall to have been ſubject to neither; ſhe did not therefore aſſume the pride of indifference which ſhe did not feel, to the attachment of ſo much worth as Bolton's, and he had ſoon the happineſs to find, that his affection, which every day encreaſed, was not laviſhed without hope of a return.

But he did not ſeem to be ſo fortunate, meanwhile, in the eſtimation of every perſon in the family: ſir Thomas Sindall had not of late ſhown that cordiality towards Bolton, with which he had been wont to favour him. As Harry was inconſcious of any reaſon he could have given for it, this alteration in his couſin's behaviour was, for ſome time, altogether unnoticed by him; and, when at laſt, he was forced to obſerve it, he attributed

buted it to no particular cauſe, but conſidered it as merely the effect of ſome accidental and temporary ſhagreen: nor did he altogether change his opinion, even when Lucy ſuggeſted to him her fears on the ſubject, and entreated him to recollect, if he had, in any reſpect, diſobliged his couſin, whoſe behaviour ſeemed to her to indicate ſome diſguſt conceived particularly againſt him.

Not long after the baronet informed his family of his intention of changing their place of reſidence, for ſome time, from Sindall-park, to his other eſtate, where, he ſaid, he found his preſence was become neceſſary; and at the ſame time communicated to Bolton his deſire, that he ſhould remain behind, to ſuperintend the execution of certain plans, which he had laid

down with regard to the management of ſome country-buſineſs at the firſt-mentioned place. Harry thought this ſufficiently warranted his expreſſing a ſuſpicion, that his company had not, of late, been ſo agreeable to ſir Thomas, as it uſed to be, and begged to be informed in what particular he had offended him. "Offended me! my dear boy, replied ſir Thomas; never in the leaſt.—From what ſuch an idea could have ariſen, I know not; if from my leaving you here behind when we go to Bilſwood, it is the moſt miſtaken one in the world: 'tis but for a few months, till thoſe affairs I talked to you of are finiſhed; and I hope there to have opportunity of ſhowing, that, in your abſence, I ſhall be far from forgetting you."

During

During the time of their ſtay at Sindall-park, he behaved to Harry, in ſo courteous and obliging a manner, that his ſuſpicions were totally removed; and he bore with leſs regret, than he ſhould otherwiſe have done, a ſeparation from his Lucy, which he conſidered as temporary; beſides that his ſtay behind was neceſſary to him, whoſe countenance and friendſhip, his attachment to that young lady, had now rendered more neceſſary in his eſtimation. Love encreaſes the liſt of our dependencies; I mean it not as an argument againſt the paſſion; that ſex, I truſt, whoſe power it eſtabliſhes, will point its vaſſals, to no purſuit, but what is laudable.

Their farewel-ſcene paſſed in that very ſpot, which I have deſcribed in the laſt

chapter, as witneſs to the declaration of Bolton's paſſion. Their farewel——but where the feelings ſay much, and the expreſſion little, deſcription will ſeldom ſucceed in the picture.

Their ſeparation, however, was alleviated by the hope that it was not likely to be of long continuance: ſir Thomas's declaration, of his intending that Harry ſhould follow them in a few months, was not forgotten; and the intermediate days were ſwallowed up, in the anticipation of the pleaſures, which that period ſhould produce.

In the mean time, they took ſomething from the pain of abſence by a punctual correſpondence. Theſe letters I have ſeen: they deſcribe things little in themſelves;

ſelves; to Bolton and Lucy they were no trifles; but by others their importance would not be underſtood. One recital only I have ventured to extract for the peruſal of the reader; becauſe I obſerve, that it ſtrongly affected them, who, in this inſtance, were intereſted no more than any, to whom the feelings it addreſſes are known; and ſome of my readers, probably, have the advantage of not being altogether unacquainted with the perſons of whom it ſpeaks.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

What happened to Miſs Sindall at Bilſwood.

TO aſſume her ſemblance, is a tribute which vice muſt often pay to virtue. There are popular qualities which the world looks for, becauſe it is aware, that it may be ſometimes benefited by their exertion. Generoſity is an excellence, by the apparent poſſeſſion of which I have known many worthleſs characters buoy'd up from their infamy; though with them it was, indeed, but thoughtleſs profuſion; and, on the other hand, I have ſeen amiable men marked out with a ſneer by the million, from a temperance or reſervedneſs of compoſition, which ſhuns the glare of

of public and the pleaſures of convivial life, and gives to modeſty and gentle manners the appearance of parſimony and meanneſs of ſpirit.

The imputation of merit with mankind, Sindall knew to be a neceſſary appendage to his character; he was careful therefore to omit no opportunity of ſtepping forth to their notice as a man of generoſity. There was not a gentleman's ſervant in the county, who did not talk of the knight's munificence in the article of vails; and a park-keeper was thought a happy man, whom his maſter ſent with a haunch of veniſon to ſir Thomas. Once a year too he feaſted his tenants, and indeed the whole neighbourhood, on the large lawn in the front of his houſe, where the ſtrong beer ran caſcade-wiſe from the mouth of a leaden triton.

But

But there were objects of compaſſion, whoſe relief would not have figured in the eye of the public, on whom he was not ſo remarkable for beſtowing his liberality. The beggars, he complained, were perpetually ſtealing his fruit, and deſtroying his ſhrubbery; he therefore kept a wolf-dog to give them their anſwer at the gate; and ſome poor families in the village on his eſtate had been brought to beggary by proſecutions for poaching, an offence which every country-gentleman is bound, in honor, to puniſh with the utmoſt ſeverity of the law; and cannot therefore, without a breach of that honor, alleviate by a weak and ill-judged exerciſe of benevolence.

Miſs Lucy, however, as ſhe could not ſo ſtrongly feel the offence, would ſometimes

times contribute to leſſen the rigor of its puniſhment, by making ſmall preſents to the wives and children of the delinquents. Paſſing, one evening, by the door of a cottage, where one of thoſe penſioners on her bounty lived, ſhe obſerved, ſtanding before it, a very beautiful lap-dog, with a collar and bell, ornamented much beyond the trappings of any animal that could belong to the houſe. From this circumſtance her curioſity was excited to enter, when ſhe was not a little ſurprized to find a young lady in a moſt elegant undreſs, ſitting on a joint-ſtool by the fire, with one of the children of the family on her lap. The ladies expreſſed mutual aſtoniſhment in their countenances at this meeting, when the good-woman of the houſe running up to them, and claſping a hand of each in her's, "Bleſſings, ſaid

ſhe,

ſhe, thouſands of bleſſings on you both! a lovelier couple, or a better, my eyes never looked on."—The infant clapped its hands as if inſtinctively.——" Dear heart! continued its mother, look, if my Tommy be not thanking you too! well may he clap his hands; if it had not been for your gracious ſelves, by this thime his hands would have been cold clay! (mumbling his fingers in her mouth, and bathing his arms with her tears) when you ſtrictly forbad me to tell mortal of your favours, Oh! how I longed to let each of you know, that there was another lady in the world as good as herſelf."

The ſtranger had now recovered herſelf enough to tell Miſs Lucy, how much it delighted her to find, that a young lady,

lady, of her figure, did not diſdain to viſit affliction, even amongſt the poor and the lowly. "That reflexion, anſwered the other, applies more ſtrongly to the lady who makes it, than to her who is the occaſion of its being made. I have not, madam, the honour of your acquaintance; but methinks, pardon my boldneſs, that I feel as if we were not ſtrangers; at leaſt, I am ſure that I ſhould reckon it a piece of ſingular good-fortune, if this interview could entitle me to call you ſtranger no longer." Their landlady cried and laughed by turns; and her two gueſts were ſo much pleaſed with this meeting, that they appointed a renewal of it, at an hour ſomewhat earlier of the ſubſequent evening.

Lucy came a few minutes before the time of appointment; when ſhe learned

that

that the ſtranger was the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, whom a difference of diſpoſition from that of ſir Thomas Sindall, ariſing at laſt to a particular coolneſs, had entirely eſtranged for many years from the baronet, and prevented all intercourſe between the families.

When this lady arrived, ſhe brought ſuch tidings along with her, that I queſtion, if in all the ſumptuous abodes of wealth and grandeur, there was to be found ſo much ſincerity of joy, as in the ragged and moldering walls of the hovel, which ſhe graced with her preſence. She informed the grateful miſtreſs of it, that by her interceſſion with ſome juſtices of the peace, who made part of the judicature before whom the poor woman's huſ-

band

hand was brought, his puniſhment had been mitigated to a ſmall fine, which ſhe had undertaken to pay, and that he would very ſoon be on his way homewards. The joy of the poor man's family at this intelligence was ſuch, as they could not, nor ſhall I, attempt to expreſs. His deliverance was indeed unexpected, becauſe his crime was great; no leſs than that of having ſet a gin in his garden, for ſome cats that uſed to prey on a ſingle brood of chickens, his only property; which gin had, one night, wickedly and maliciouſly, hanged a hare, which the baronet's gamekeeper next morning diſcovered in it.

His wife and little ones ſeemed only to be reſtrained by the reſpected preſence of their gueſts, from running out to meet a huſband and a father reſtored to them

from

from captivity. The ladies obſerving it, encouraged them in the deſign; and having received the good woman's benediction on her knees, they walked out together, and leaving the happy family on the road to the priſon, turned down a winding romantic walk, that followed the mazes of a rill, in an oppoſite direction.

Lucy, whoſe eyes had been fixed with reſpectful attention on her fair companion, ever ſince her arrival at the cottage, now dropped a tear from each. "You will not wonder at theſe tears, madam, ſaid ſhe, when you know that they are my common ſign of joy and admiration; they thank you on behalf of myſelf and my ſex, whoſe peculiar beauty conſiſts in thoſe gentle virtues you ſo eminently poſſeſs; my heart feels not only pleaſure,

but pride, in an inſtance of female worth ſo exalted. Though the family in which I live, from ſome cauſe unknown to me, have not the happineſs of an intercourſe with yours, yet your name is familiar to my ear, and carries with it the idea of every amiable and engaging quality." "Nor am I, returned the other, a ſtranger to the name, or the worth, of Miſs Sindall; and I reckon myſelf ſingularly fortunate, not only to have accidentally made an acquaintance with her, but to have made it in that very ſtile, which effectually ſecures the eſteem her character had formerly impreſſed me with." "Beneficence indeed, replied Lucy, is a virtue of which the poſſeſſion may entitle to an acquaintance with one, to whom that virtue is ſo particularly known." "It is no leſs a pleaſure than a duty, rejoined

joined her companion; but I, Miſs Sindall, have an additional incitement to the exerciſe of it, which perhaps, as the tongue of curioſity is at one time as buſy as its ear is attentive at another, you may ere this have heard of. That ancient building to which the walk we are on, will, in a few minutes, conduct us, was formerly in the poſſeſſion of one, in whoſe boſom reſided every gentle excellence that adorns humanity; he, Miſs Sindall,—why ſhould I bluſh to tell it?—in the ſordid calculation of the world, his attachment was not enviable; the remembrance of it, though it wrings my heart with ſorrow, is yet my pride and my delight! your feelings, Miſs Lucy, will underſtand this—the dear youth left me executrix of that philanthropy which death alone could ſtop in its courſe. To diſcharge this truſt,

truſt, is the buſineſs of my life; for I hold myſelf bound to diſcharge it."

They had now reached the end of the walk, where it opened into a little circle ſurrounded with trees, and fenced by a rail, in front of an antique-looking houſe, the gate of which was ornamented with a rudely-ſculptur'd creſt, cyphered round with the initials of ſome name, which time had rendered illegible; but, a few paces before it, was placed a ſmall urn, of modern workmanſhip, and, on a tablet beneath, was written,

TO THE MEMORY
OF
WILLIAM HARLEY.

Lucy ſtepped up to read this inſcription; "Harley! ſaid ſhe, how I bluſh to think,

that I have ſcarcely ever heard of the name!"—"Alas! ſaid Miſs Walton, his actions were not of a kind that is loudly talked of: but what is the fame of the world? by him its voice could not now be heard!"—there was an ardent earneſtneſs in her look, even amidſt the melancholy with which her countenance was impreſſed. "There is a blank at the bottom of the tablet," ſaid Lucy: her companion ſmiled gloomily at the obſervation, and, leaning on the urn in a penſive attitude, replied, that it ſhould one day be filled up.

They now heard the tread of feet approaching the place; Lucy was ſomewhat alarmed at the ſound; but her fears were removed, when ſhe diſcovered it to proceed from a venerable old man, who advancing

vancing towards them, accoſted Miſs Walton by her name, who, in her turn, pronounced the word Peter! in the tone of ſurprize. She ſtretched out her hand, which he claſped in his, and looked in her face with a certain piteous thoughtfulneſs, while a tear was ſwelling in his eye. "My dear lady, ſaid he, I have travelled many a mile ſince I ſaw your ladyſhip laſt: by God's bleſſing I have ſucceeded very well in the buſineſs your ladyſhip help'd me to ſet up; and having ſome dealings with a tradeſman in London, I have been as far as that city and back again; and, ſaid I to myſelf, if I could venture on ſuch a journey for the ſake of gain, may I not take a ſhorter for the ſake of thanking my benefactreſs, and ſeeing my old friends in the country? and I had a ſort of yerning to be here, to

remember good Mrs. Margery, and my dear young maſter.——God forgive me for weeping, for he was too good for this world!"——The tears of Miſs Walton and Lucy accompanied his.—" Alack-a-day! continued Peter, to think how things will come to paſs! that-there tree was planted by his own ſweet hand!—I remember it well, he was then but a boy; I ſtood behind him, holding the plants in my apron thus;—" Peter, ſaid he, as he took one to ſtick it in the ground, perhaps I ſhall not live to ſee this grow."—" God grant your honor may, ſaid I, when I am dead and gone! and I lifted up the apron to my eyes, for my heart grew big at his words; but he ſmiled up in my face, and ſaid, " We ſhall both live, Peter, and that will be beſt."——Ah! I little thought then, Miſs Walton, I little thought!"

thought!"—and he ſhook his thin grey locks!—The heart of apathy itſelf could not have withſtood it; Miſs Walton's and Lucy's, melting and tender at all times, were quite overcome.

They ſtood for ſome time ſilent; Miſs Walton at laſt recollected herſelf: "Pardon me, Miſs Sindall, ſaid ſhe, I was loſt in the indulgence of my grief: let us leave this ſolemn ſcene, I have no right to tax you with my ſorrows." "Call not their participation by that name, anſwered Lucy, I know the ſacredneſs of ſorrow; yours are ſuch as ſtrengthen the ſoul while they melt it.

CHAP. VI.

A change in Bolton's ſituation.

THE reader will pardon the digreſſion I have made; I would not, willingly, lead him out of his way, except into ſome path, where his feelings may be expanded, and his heart improved.

He will remember, that I mentioned, in the fourth chapter, the expectation, which Bolton entertained, of ſeeing his Lucy at a period not very remote.

But that period was not deſtined to arrive ſo ſoon. When he expected ſir Thomas's commands, or rather his permiſſion, to viſit the family at Bilſwood, he received a letter

a letter from that gentleman, purporting, that he had at laſt been able, to put him in the way of attaining that independance he had ſo often wiſhed for, having juſt procured him a commiſſion in a regiment then ſtationed at Gibraltar; that though he, (ſir Thomas) as well as Mrs. Selwyn, and Lucy, was exceedingly deſirous to have an opportunity of bidding him farewel, yet he had prevailed on himſelf to wave that pleaſure, from the conſideration of its inconvenience to Harry, as it was abſolutely neceſſary that he ſhould join his regiment immediately. He incloſed letters of introduction to ſeveral gentlemen of his acquaintance in London, remitted him drafts on that place, for a conſiderable ſum, to fit him out for his intended expedition, and begged that he might loſe no time in repairing thither for

that purpoſe. He ended with aſſuring him of the continuance of his friendſhip, which, he declared, no diſtance of time, or place, could alienate or impair.

The effect which this letter had upon Bolton, as he was then circumſtanced, my readers can eaſily imagine. There was another accompanied it; a note from his Lucy: ſhe intended it for comfort, for it aſſumed the language of conſolation; but the depreſſion of her own ſpirits was viſible, amidſt the hopes with which ſhe meant to buoy up thoſe of Bolton.

With this letter for its text, did his imagination run over all the delights of the paſt, and compare them with the diſappointment of the preſent. Yet thoſe tender regrets which the better part of our nature feels, have ſomething in them to

blunt

blunt the edge of that pain they inflict, and confer on the votaries of ſorrow a ſenſation that borders on pleaſure. He viſited the walks which his Lucy had trod, the trees under which ſhe had ſat, the proſpects they had marked together, and he would not have exchanged his feelings for all that luxury could give, or feſtivity inſpire. Nor did he part with the idea after the object was removed; but, even on the road to London, to which place he began his journey next morning, 'twas but pulling out his letter again, humming over that little melancholy air which his Lucy had praiſed, and the ſcene was preſent at once. It drew indeed a ſigh from his boſom, and an unmanly tear ſtood in his eye; yet the ſigh and the tear were ſuch, that it was impoſſible to wiſh it removed.

CHAP. VII.

His arrival, and ſituation in London.

WHEN Bolton reached the metropolis, he applied, without delay, to thoſe perſons for whom he had letters from ſir Thomas Sindall, whoſe inſtructions the baronet had directed him to follow, in that courſe of military duty which he had now enabled him to purſue.

In the reception he met with, it is not ſurprizing that he was diſappointed. He looked for that cordial friendſhip, that warm attachment which is only to be found in the ſmaller circles of private life, which is loſt in the buſtle, and extended connexion of large ſocieties. The letters,

he preſented, were read with a civil indifference, and produced the unmeaning profeſſions of ceremony and politeneſs. From ſome of thoſe to whom they were addreſſed, he had invitations, which he accepted with diffidence, to feaſts which he partook with diſguſt; where he ſat, amidſt the profuſion of oſtentatious wealth, ſurrounded with company he did not know, and liſtening to diſcourſe in which he was not qualified to join.

A plain honeſt tradeſman, to whom he happened to carry a commiſſion from Mrs. Wiſtanly, was the only perſon who ſeemed to take an intereſt in his welfare. At this man's houſe he received the welcome of a favoured acquaintance, he eat of the family-dinner, and heard the jeſt which roſe for their amuſement; for ceremony

did not regulate the figure of their table, nor had fashion banished the language of nature from their lips. Under this man's guidance he transacted any little business his situation required, and was frequently conducted by him to those very doors, whose lordly owners received him in that manner, which grandeur thinks itself entitled to assume, and dependance is constrained to endure.

After some days of enquiry and solicitude, he learned, that it was not necessary for him to join his regiment so speedily as sir Thomas's letter had induced him to believe.

Upon obtaining this information, he immediately communicated it to the baronet, and signified at the same time, a

desire

deſire of improving that time, which this reſpite allowed him for his ſtay in England, in a viſit to the family at Bilſwood. But with this purpoſe his couſin's ideas did not at all coincide; he wrote Harry an anſwer, diſapproving entirely his intentions of leaving London, and laid down a plan for his improvement in military ſcience, which could only be followed in the metropolis. Here was another diſappointment; but Harry conſidered it his duty to obey.

What he felt, however, may be gathered from the following letter, which he wrote to Miſs Sindall, by the poſt ſucceeding that, which brought him the inſtructions of ſir Thomas.

" As I found, ſoon after my arrival here, that the neceſſity of joining my regiment

giment immediately was ſuperſeded, I hoped, by this time, to have informed my deareſt Lucy, of my intended departure from London, to be once more reſtored to her and the country."

"I have ſuffered the mortification of another diſappointment: ſir Thomas's letter is now before me, which fixes me here for the winter; I confeſs the reaſonableneſs of his opinion; but reaſon and ſir Thomas cannot feel like Bolton."

"When we parted laſt we flattered ourſelves with other proſpects; cruel as the reflexion is, I feel a ſort of pleaſure in recalling it; eſpecially when I ventured to believe, that my Lucy has not forgotten our parting."

"To-morro

" To-morrow is Chriſtmas-day; I call to remembrance our laſt year's holidays; may theſe be as happy with you, though I am not to partake them. Write me every particular of theſe days of jollity; fear not, as your laſt letter expreſſes it, tiring me with trifles: nothing is a trifle in which you are concerned. While I read the account, I will fancy myſelf at Bilſwood; here I will walk forth, an unnoticed thing amidſt the buſy croud that ſurrounds me: your letters give me ſome intereſt in myſelf, becauſe they ſhow me that I am ſomething to my Lucy; ſhe is every thing to her

BOLTON."

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Filial piety.

BOLTON had a diſpoſition towards ſociety, that did not allow him an indifference about any thing of human form with whom he could have an opportunity of intercourſe. He was every one's friend in his heart, till ſome poſitive demerit rendered a perſon unworthy his good-will.

He had not long poſſeſſed his lodgings in town, till he cultivated an acquaintance with his landlord and landlady; the latter he found to be the repreſentative of the family, from a power of loquacity very much ſuperior to her huſband, who ſeemed

ſeemed to be wonderfully pleaſed with his wife's converſation, and very happy under what might, not improperly, be termed her government.

To Mrs. Terwitt, therefore, (for that was the lady's name) did Bolton addreſs his approaches towards an acquaintance, and from her he had the good fortune to find them meet with a favourable reception: they were ſo intimate the ſecond week of his reſidence in the houſe, that ſhe told him the beſt part of the tranſactions of her life, and conſulted him upon the diſpoſal of her eldeſt daughter in marriage, whom a young tradeſman, ſhe ſaid, had been in ſuit of ever ſince the Eaſter-holidays preceding. "We can give her, added ſhe, ſomething handſome enough for a portion; and the old gentleman

above

above ſtairs has promiſed her a preſent of a hundred pounds on her wedding-day, provided ſhe marries to pleaſe him."

"The gentleman above ſtairs! ſaid Bolton; how have I been ſo unlucky as never to have heard of him before?" "He is not at preſent in town," replied the landlady, "having gone about a fortnight ago to Bath, whence he is not yet returned. Indeed, I fear, his health requires ſome ſtay at that place, for he has been but poorly of late; heaven preſerve his life! for he is a good friend of ours, and of many one's elſe who ſtand in need of his friendſhip. He has an eſtate, ſir, of a thouſand pounds a year, and money beſides, as I have been told; yet he chuſes to live private, as you will ſee; and

and ſpends, I believe, the moſt of his income in charitable actions."

"I did indeed, ſaid Harry, obſerve a young man come to the door this morning at an early hour, and I heard him aſk if the gentleman was returned; but I did not then know that he meant any perſon who lodged here." "Ay, ſure enough he meant Mr. Rawlinſon," ſaid Mrs. Terwitt, and I wiſh he may not feel his abſence much; for he has called here frequently of late, and, the laſt time, when he was told of his not being yet returned, Betty obſerved that the tears guſhed from his eyes." "When he calls again, ſaid Bolton, I beg that I may be informed of it."

Next

Next morning he heard ſomebody knock at the door, much about the time he had ſeen the young man approach it the preceding day: upon going to the window, he obſerved the ſame ſtripling, but his dreſs was different; he had no coat to cover a thread-bare waiſtcoat, nor had he any hat. Bolton let the maid know, that he was aware of his being at the door, and reſumed his own ſtation at the window. The youth repeated his enquiries after Mr. Rawlinſon, and, upon receiving the ſame anſwer, caſt up to heaven a look of reſignation, and retired.

Bolton ſlipped down ſtairs, and followed him; his lodgings were ſituated near Queen-Square: the lad took the country-road, and went on without ſtopping till he

he reached Pancras-churchyard. He ſtood ſeemingly entranced, over a new-covered grave at one end of it. Harry placed himſelf under cover of a tomb hard by, where he could mark him unperceived.

He held his hands claſped in one another, and the tears began to trickle down his cheeks. Bolton ſtole from out his hiding-place, and approached towards the ſpot. The poor lad began to ſpeak, as if addreſſing himſelf to the dead beneath.

"Thou canſt not feel their cruelty; nor ſhall the winds of winter chill thee, as they do thy wretched ſon!——Inhuman miſcreants! but theſe ſhall cover thee."—He threw himſelf on the ground, and

ſpread his arms over the grave, on which he wept.

Bolton ſtooped down to raiſe him from the earth; he turned, and gazed on him, with a look wildered and piteous, "Pardon a ſtranger, young man, ſaid Bolton, who cannot but be intereſted in your ſorrow; he is not entitled to aſk its cauſe, yet his heart ſwells with the hope of removing it."—"May heaven requite you, replied the ſtranger, for your pity to a poor orphan! Oh! ſir, I have not been uſed to beg, and even to receive charity is hard upon me; did I mean to move compaſſion, I have a ſtory to tell.—You weep already, ſir! hear me, and judge if I deſerve your tears.

"Here

"Here lies my father, the only relation whom misfortune had left to own me; but heaven had ſent us a friend in that beſt of men, Mr. Rawlinſon. He came accidentally to the knowlege of our ſufferings, and took on himſelf the charge of alleviating them, which the cruelty of our own connexions had abandoned; but alas! when, by his aſſiſtance, my father was put into a way of earning his bread, he was ſeized with that ilneſs of which he died. Some ſmall debts, which his ſhort time in buſineſs had not yet allowed him to diſcharge, were put in ſuit againſt him by his creditors. His ſickneſs, and death, which happened a few days ago, did but haſten their proceedings; they ſeized, ſir, the very covering of that bed on which his body was laid. Mr. Rawlinſon was out

of

of town, and I fancy he never received thoſe letters I wrote him to Bath. I had no one from whom to expect relief; every thing but theſe rags on my back, I ſold to bury the beſt of fathers; but my little all was not enough; and the man whom I employed for his funeral, took yeſterday, from off theſe clods, the very ſod which had covered him, becauſe I had not wherewithall to pay its price." Bolton fell on his neck, and anſwered him with his tears.

He covered the duſt of the father, and clothed the nakedneſs of the ſon; and, having placed him where it was in his power to make future enquiries after his ſituation, left him to bleſs Providence for the aid it had ſent, without knowing the

hand

hand through which its bounty had flowed. That hand, indeed, the grateful youth preſſed to his lips at parting, and begged earneſtly to know the name of his benefactor. "I am a friend, ſaid Bolton, of Mr. Rawlinſon, and humanity."

CHAP. IX.

A very alarming accident; which proves the means of Bolton's getting acquainted with his fellow-lodger.

WHEN Bolton returned, in the evening, from thoſe labours of charity he had undertaken, he found that the family were abroad, ſupping, in a body, with the daughter's lover: the maid ſat up to wait their home-coming; and Bolton, who had more liberty, but much leſs inclination to ſleep, betook himſelf to meditation.

It was now near midnight, and the hum of Betty's ſpinning-wheel, which had frequently intermitted before, became entirely

tirely ſilent, when Bolton was alarmed with a very loud knocking of the watchman at the door, and preſently a confuſed aſſemblage of voices crying out, Fire! Fire! echoed from one end of the ſtreet to the other. Upon opening his window, he diſcovered too plainly the reaſon of the alarm; the flames were already appearing at the windows of the ground-floor, to which they had probably been communicated by the candle, which the maid had burning by her in the kitchen below.

She had now at laſt awaked, and was running about before the door of the houſe, wringing her hands, and ſpeaking incoherently to the few who were aſſembled by the outcry, without having recollection enough, to endeavour to ſave any thing belonging to herſelf or her maſter.

Bolton, who had more the poſſeſſion of his faculties, entreating the aſſiſtance of ſome watchmen, whom the occaſion had drawn together, made ſhift to convey into the ſtreet, a few things which he took to be the moſt valuable; deſiring Betty, to be ſo much miſtreſs of herſelf, as to keep an eye upon them for her maſter's benefit.

She continued, however, her broken exclamations of horror and deſpair, till, at laſt, ſtarting as it were into the remembrance of ſomething forgot, ſhe cried out vehemently, "Oh! my God! where is Mr. Rawlinſon?"

Bolton caught the horrid meaning of her queſtion, and puſhing through the flames, which had now taken hold of the

ſtaircaſe, forced his way into the bed-chamber occupied by the old gentleman, who had returned from the country that very evening, and, being fatigued with his journey, had gone to bed before his fellow-lodger's arrival at home.

He had not waked till the room under that where he lay was in a blaze, and, on attempting to riſe, was ſtifled with the ſmoke that poured in at every cranny of the floor, and fell ſenſeleſs at his bed-ſide, where Bolton found him upon entering the room.

On endeavouring to carry him down ſtairs, he found it had now become impracticable, ſeveral of the ſteps having been quite burnt away, and fallen down

in flaming brands, ſince the moment before, when he had aſcended.

He had preſence of mind enough left to obſerve, that the back-part of the houſe was not ſo immediately affected by the flames; he carried Mr. Rawlinſon therefore into a room on that ſide, and, having beat out the ſaſh, admitted air enough to revive him. The latter preſently recollected his ſituation, and aſking Harry, if it was poſſible to get down ſtairs, heard him anſwer in the negative with remarkable compoſure. "As for me, ſaid he, I ſhall loſe but few of my days; but I fear, ſir, your generous concern for a ſtranger, has endangered a life much more valuable than mine: let me beg of you to endeavour to ſave yourſelf, which your

ſtrength

ſtrength and agility may enable you to do, without regarding a poor, worn-out, old man, who would only encumber you in the attempt." Bolton, with a ſolemn earneſtneſs, declared, that no conſideration ſhould tempt him to ſuch a deſertion.

He had, before this, vainly endeavoured to procure a ladder, or ſome other aſſiſtance, from the people below; the confuſion of the ſcene prevented their affording it: he conſidered, therefore, if he could not furniſh ſome expedient from within, and having untied the cordage of a bed, which ſtood in the room, he found it would make a ſufficient length of rope to reach within a few feet of the ground. This he faſtened round Mr. Rawlinſon's waiſt, in ſuch a way, that his arms ſhould ſupport part of the weight of his body,

and ſliding it over the edge of the window, ſo as to cauſe ſomewhat more reſiſtance in the deſcent, he let him down, in that manner, till he was within reach of ſome aſſiſtants below, who caught him in their arms; then faſtening the end of the rope round the poſt of the bed, he ſlid ſo far down upon it himſelf, that he could ſafely leap to the ground.

He conveyed Mr. Rawlinſon to other lodgings hard by, which then happened to be vacant; and having got him accommodated with ſome cloaths belonging to the landlord, he returned to ſee what progreſs the fire had been making, when he found, that, happily, from a piece of waſte ground's lying between the houſe where it broke out, and the other to the leeward, it was got ſo much under, as to

be

be in no danger of ſpreading any farther.

Upon going back to Mr. Rawlinſon, he found him ſitting in the midſt of the family with whom he had lodged, miniſtering comfort to their diſtreſſes; the unfortunate Betty, whom, as ſhe ſtood ſelf-condemned for her neglect, he conſidered as the greateſt ſufferer, he had placed next him. "You ſhall not, ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to the old folks, interrupt the happineſs of my friend Nancy or her lover here, with wailing your misfortune, or chiding of Betty. I will become bound to make up all your loſſes, provided your good-humour is not of the number."

"But who, continued the old gentleman, ſhall reward Mr. Bolton for the ſer-

vice he has done us all?" "May heaven reward him!" cried Mrs. Terwitt, and all her audience anſwered, Amen! "You pray well, ſaid Mr. Rawlinſon, and your petition is heard: on him, to whom the diſpoſition of benevolence is given, its recompence is already beſtowed."

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Effects of his acquaintance with Mr. Rawlinſon.

SUCH was Bolton's introduction to Mr. Rawlinſon's acquaintance; and from the circumſtances of its commencement, my readers will eaſily believe, that neither party could be indifferent to its continuation. Rawlinſon ſaw his own virtues warm and active in the boſom of his young friend; while Harry contemplated, with equal delight, that ſerenity which their recollection beſtowed on the declining age of Rawlinſon.

In one of his viſits to the old gentleman, ſome time after the accident related

in the foregoing chapter, he found with him that very youth, whoſe ſorrow, over the grave of his father, he had ſo lately been the means of alleviating. The young man was, indeed, in the midſt of their recital as Bolton entered the room, and had juſt mentioned, with regret, his ignorance of his benefactor, when the door opened and diſcovered him. Bolton could not help bluſhing at the diſcovery; the other, ſtarting from his ſeat, exclaimed, "it is he, it is himſelf," threw himſelf on his knees before Harry, with tears in his eyes, and poured out ſome broken expreſſions of the warmeſt gratitude. "It was you then, ſaid Mr. Rawlinſon, who were the comforter of my poor boy, who covered the grave of his unfortunate father! I will not thank you, for Jack is doing it better with his tears; but I will thank heaven,

heaven, that there are ſome ſuch men to preſerve my veneration for the ſpecies." "I truſt, my dear ſir, ſaid Bolton, that there are many to whom ſuch actions are habitual."—"You are a young man, interrupted the other, and it is fit you ſhould believe ſo; I will believe ſo too, for I have ſometimes known what it is to enjoy them.—Go, my boy, turning to the lad, and wiſh for the luxury of doing good; remember Mr. Bolton, and be not forgetful of providence."

"The father of that young man, ſaid Mr. Rawlinſon, when he was gone, was a ſchool-fellow of mine here in town, and one of the worthieſt creatures in the world; but from a milkineſs of diſpoſition, without the direction of prudence, or the guard of ſuſpicion, he ſuffered himſelf

ſelf to become a dupe to the artifices of ſome deſigning men; and when, ſome time ago, I diſcovered his place of abode in an obſcure village in the country, I found him ſtripped of his patrimony, and burthened with the charge of that boy, who has juſt now left us, whoſe mother, it ſeems, had died when he was a child. Yet, amidſt the diſtreſſes of his poverty, I found that eaſineſs of temper, which had contributed to bring them on, had not forſaken him; he met me with a ſmile of ſatisfaction, and talked of the cruel indifference of ſome wealthy relations, without the emotions of anger, or the acrimony of diſappointment. He ſeemed, indeed, to feel for his child; but comforted himſelf at the ſame time with the reflexion, that he had bred him to expect adverſity with compoſure, and to ſuffer poverty

verty with contentment. He died, poor man, when I had put him in a way of living with ſome comfort; nor had I even an opportunity of doing the common offices of friendſhip to his laſt moments, my health having obliged me to go down to Bath, whence I had removed to Briſtol, and did not receive any accounts of his ilneſs till my return to London. I am in your debt, Mr. Bolton, for ſome ſupplies to his ſon; let me know what thoſe were, that we may clear the account." Bolton replied, that he hoped Mr. Rawlinſon could not wiſh to deprive him of the pleaſure he felt from the reflexion of having aſſiſted ſo much filial piety in diſtreſs. "It ſhall be in your own way, ſaid the old gentleman; I am not ſuch a niggard as to grudge you the opportunity; yet I cannot but regret my abſence, when

I ſhould

I ſhould have cloſed the eyes of poor Jennings. He was the laſt of thoſe companions of my childhood, whoſe hiſtory in life I had occaſion to be acquainted with; the reſt, Mr. Bolton, had already fallen around me, and I am now left within a little of the grave, without a friend (except one, whom accident has acquired me in you) to ſmooth the path that leads to it; but that is ſhort, and therefore it matters not much. At my age, nature herſelf may be expected to decline; but a lingering ilneſs is ſhortening her date. I would do therefore what good I can, in the ſpace that is left me, and look forward, if I may be allowed, to make ſome proviſion for the ſervice of futurity. Here are two papers, ſir, which, on mature deliberation, I have judged it proper to commit to your cuſtody; that in the

parchment

parchment-cover, which is not labelled, my death alone will authorize you to open; the other, marked "Truſt-deed by Mr. Anneſly," I can explain to you now. That man, Mr. Bolton, who is now a ſaint in heaven, was prepared for it by the ſevereſt calamities on earth: the guilt, and misfortunes of two darling children, cut ſhort the remnant of a life, whoſe buſineſs it was to guide, and whoſe pleaſure to behold them in the paths of virtue and of happineſs. At the time of his death they were both alive; one, alas! did not long ſurvive her father; what has become of her brother, I have never been able to learn; but this truſt, put into my hands in their behalf, may ſtill be of importance to him or his, and to you therefore I make it over for that purpoſe; for though, by Mr. Anneſly's ſettlement, the

ſubject

ſubject of the truſt accrues to me on the failure of his own iſſue, yet would I never conſider it as mine, while the ſmalleſt chance remained of his ſon, or the deſcendants of his ſon, ſurviving; and even were the negative certain, I ſhould then only look on myſelf as the ſteward of my friend, for purpoſes which his goodneſs would have dictated, and it becomes his truſtee to fulfil. In ſuch a charge I will not inſtruct my executor; I have been fortunate enough to find one whoſe heart will inſtruct him."

Bolton, while he promiſed an execution of this truſt worthy of the confidence repoſed in him, could not help expreſſing his ſurprize at Mr. Rawlinſon's choice of him for that purpoſe. "I do not wonder, replied the other, that you

ſhould

ſhould think thus, for thus has cuſtom taught us to think; I have told you how friendleſs and unconnected I am; but while we trace the relatives of birth and kindred, ſhall we allow nothing to the ties of the heart, or the ſympathy of virtue?"

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

A remarkable event in the hiſtory of Bolton. —His behaviour in conſequence of it.

THE proviſions which Mr. Rawlinſon had made, for an event of which he had accuſtomed himſelf to think with compoſure, were but too predictive of its arrival. That worthy man lived not many weeks after the converſation with Bolton, which I have juſt recorded.

Bolton was affected with the moſt lively ſorrow for his death. This friendſhip, though but lately acquired, had ſomething uncommonly ardent in its attachment, and liberal in its confidence. Harry, who had returned it in the moſt unreſerved

unreſerved manner, felt the want both of that kindneſs which ſoothed, and that wiſdom which inſtructed him.

Upon opening the ſealed paper which had been formerly put into his hands by Mr. Rawlinſon, it was found to be that gentleman's will, deviſing his whole eſtate, real and perſonal, to Mr. Bolton. The reaſon given for this, in the body of the paper itſelf, was expreſſed in the following words: "Becauſe I know no man "who has deſerved more of myſelf; none "who will deſerve more of mankind, in "the diſpoſal of what I have thus be-"queathed him."

Bolton was fully ſenſible of the force of this recommendation to the exerciſe of a virtue, which he had always poſſeſſed, and

and had only wanted power to practiſe. He acted as the almoner of Mr. Rawlinſon, and juſtified his friend's method of benefaction, (for ſo this diſpoſal of his affairs might be called) by joining with the inclination to do good, that choice of object and that attention to propriety, which dignifies the purpoſe, and doubles the uſe of beneficence.

Having ſettled accounts of this kind in town, (amongſt which thoſe of young Jennings and the Terwitt-family were not forgotten) he ſet out for that eſtate which had now devolved to him by the will of Mr. Rawlinſon. With what ideas he made this viſit, and in what manner he expreſſed them on his arrival, I ſhall allow his own words to deſcribe, in the following letter to Miſs Sindall.

Wilbrook.

" My Lucy will not blame me for want of attention, becauſe ſhe has heard of, what the world will call, my good fortune, only from the relation of others. To her I could not addreſs thoſe ſhort letters of recital, which I was obliged to write to ſir Thomas. She will not doubt her Henry's remembrance at all times; it is only with relation to thoſe we love that proſperity can produce happineſs, and our virtues themſelves are nouriſhed from the conſciouſneſs of ſome favourite ſuffrage. The length of this letter ſhall make up for a ſilence occaſioned by various interruptions. I have had a good deal of buſineſs for the preſent; I have been forming ſome projects for the future: the idea of my Lucy was abſent from neither.

" After

" After the death of Mr. Rawlinſon, the friend of mankind as well as of your Harry, there were ſome offices of duty which the ſucceſſor of ſuch a man was peculiarly bound to perform. Though I could diſcover no relation of his but one, (whoſe fortune, as it had formerly taught him to overlook his kinſman, ſtood not now in need of that kinſman's acknowlegement) yet there were numbers whom humanity had allied to him. Their claim of affinity was now upon me, and their proviſion a debt which I was called upon to diſcharge: this kept me ſome time in London. I have another family here, whom it was alſo neceſſary to remembe., I have been among them a week, and we have not been unhappy.

" When I looked into the conveyances of this eſtate, I found it had been once before

before transferred in a manner not very common in the diſpoſal of modern property. Its owner immmediately preceding Mr. Rawlinſon, was a friend and companion of his, who had gone out to India ſome years later than he, and, by his aſſiſtance, had been put in the way of acquiring a very large fortune. The greateſt part of this he remitted to his former benefactor in England, to be laid out on ſome purchace near the place of his nativity, which it ſeems was a village but a few miles diſtant from Wilbrook. This eſtate was then in the poſſeſſion of a gentleman, whoſe London-expences had ſquandered the ſavings of four or five generations, and, after having exhauſted every other reſource, he was obliged to ſell this inheritance of his family. Mr. Rawlinſon gave him the

price he aſked, and made a preſent of a conſiderable ſum beſides to a very deſerving woman who had the misfortune to be the wife of this ſpendthrift. His friend ratified the bargain with thanks; but he lived not to enjoy his purchace. A fever carried him off in his paſſage to England, and he bequeathed his eſtate to him, by whoſe former good offices he had been enabled to acquire it.

" The new proprietor took a ſingular method of improving its value. He lowered the rents, which had been raiſed to an extravagant height, and recalled the ancient tenants of the manor, moſt of whom had been driven from the unfriendly ſoil, to make room for deſperate adventurers, who undertook for rents they could never be able to pay.—To ſuch a man

was

was I to ſucceed, and I was conſcious how much was required of his ſucceſſor.

"The third day after my arrival, I gave a general invitation to my tenants and their families to dine with me. The hall was trimmed for their reception, and ſome large antique pieces of plate, with which Mr. Rawlinſon had furniſhed his cupboard, were ranged on the large table at the end of it. Without doors ſtood a caſk of excellent ſtrong beer for any one of inferior quality who choſe to drink of it, diſpenſed by an old, but jolly-looking ſervant, whoſe face was the ſignal of welcome.

"I received my gueſts as friends and acquaintance; aſked the names of their children, and praiſed the bluſneſs of the

boys, and the beauty of the girls. I placed one of the moſt matronly wives in the wicker-chair at the head of the table; and, occupying the loweſt place myſelf, ſtationed the reſt of the company according to their age on either ſide.

" The dinner had all the appearance of plainneſs and of plenty: amongſt other diſhes four large pieces of roaſt beef were placed at uniform diſtances, and a plum-pudding of a very uncommon circumference was raiſed conſpicuous in the middle. I preſſed the baſhful among the girls, commended the frankneſs of their fathers, and pledged the jollieſt of the ſet in repeated draughts of ſtrong-beer.

" But, though this had the deſired effect with ſome, I could obſerve in the

countenances of others evident marks of diſtruſt and apprehenſion. The cloth therefore was no ſooner removed, and the grace-cup drunk, than I roſe up in my place, and addreſſed my gueſts to the following purpoſe:

"The ſatisfaction, my worthy friends, "with which I now meet you, is damped "by the recollection of that loſs we have "ſuſtained in the death of your late ex-"cellent maſter. He was to me, as to "you, a friend, and a father; ſo may "heaven ſupply the want to me, as I will "endeavour to fill his place to you. I "call you to witneſs, that I hold his eſtate "by no other title."

"I have given orders to my ſteward to "renew ſuch of your leaſes as are near ex-

" piring, at the rent which you have here-
" tofore paid. If there is an article of
" encouragement or convenience wanting
" to any of you, let him apply to myſelf,
" and I will immediately enquire into it.
" No man is above the buſineſs of doing
" good."

" It is cuſtomary, I believe, on ſuch
" occaſions, for the tenant to pay a certain
" fine or premium to the landlord: I too,
" my friends, will expect one; you and
" your families ſhall pay it me—be induſ-
" trious, be virtuous, be happy."

" An exclamation of joy and applauſe,
which the laſt part of my ſpeech had
ſcarcely been able to ſtifle, now burſt
forth around me. I need not tell my
Lucy what I felt; her heart can judge of
my

my feelings; ſhe will believe me when I ſay, that I would not have exchanged them for the revenue of a monarch.

"The reſt of the day was ſpent in all the genuine feſtivity of happy ſpirits. I had enlarged a room adjoining to the hall, by ſtriking down a partition at one end; and cloſed the entertainment with a dance, which I led up myſelf with the roſy-cheeked daughter of one of my principal tenants.

"This viſit I have already returned to ſeveral of thoſe honeſt folks. I found their little dwellings clean and comfortable, and happineſs and good-humour ſeemed the gueſts of them all. I have commonly obſerved cleanlineſs and contentment to be companions amongſt the

lower ranks of the country-people; nor is it difficult to account for this: there is a ſelf-ſatisfaction in contented minds which diſpoſes to activity and neatneſs; whereas the reckleſs laſſitude that weighs down the unhappy, ſeldom fails to make drunkards of the men, and ſlatterns of the women. I commended highly the neatneſs which I found in the farm-houſes on my eſtate; and made their owners preſents of various houſehold ornaments by way of encouragement.

"I know the uſual mode of *improving* eſtates; I was told by ſome ſagacious adviſers in London that mine was *improvable*: but I am too ſelfiſh to be contented with money; I would encreaſe the love of my people.

"Yeſterday,

"Yeſterday, and to-day, I have been employed in ſurveying the grounds adjoining to the houſe. Nature here reigns without controul; for Mr. Rawlinſon did not attend very much to her improvement; and I have heard him ſay, that he conceived a certain eſteem for an old tree, or even an old wall, that would hardly allow him to think of cutting the one, or pulling down the other. Nature, however, has been liberal of her beauties; but theſe beauties I view not with ſo partial an eye as the ſcenes I left at Sindall-Park. Were my Lucy here to adorn the landſcape!—but the language of affection like mine is not in words. She will not need them to believe how much I am her

HENRY BOLTON."

CHAP. XII.

A change in the family of ſir Thomas Sindall.—Some account of a perſon whom that event introduces to Miſs Lucy's acquaintance.

THE anſwer which Bolton received to the foregoing letter, contained a piece of intelligence material to the ſituation of Miſs Sindall; it conveyed to him an account of the death of Mrs. Selwyn.

Though that lady was not poſſeſſed of many amiable or engaging qualities, yet Lucy, to whom ſhe had always ſhown as much kindneſs as her nature allowed her to beſtow on any one, felt a very lively ſorrow for her death, even excluſive of the

the immediate conſequences which herſelf was to expect from that event.

Theſe indeed were apparently momentous. Mrs. Selwyn had been her guardian and protectreſs from her infancy; and though ſir Thomas Sindall had ever behaved to her like a father, yet there was a feeling in the boſom of Lucy, that revolted againſt the idea of continuing in his houſe after his aunt's deceaſe. By that lady's will ſhe was entitled to a legacy of ſix hundred pounds; by means of this ſum ſhe had formed a ſcheme, which, though it would reduce her to a ſtate very different from the eaſe and affluence of her former circumſtances, might yet ſecure her from the irkſomeneſs of dependance, or the accuſation of impropriety; this was, to appropriate two thirds of

the intereſt of her capital to the payment of an annual ſum for her board with Mrs. Wiſtanly.

It was now that Bolton felt the advantage of independance from the hopes of being uſeful to Lucy; but he had her delicacy to overcome: ſhe would not throw herſelf, at this moment of neceſſity, into the arms of a man whom fortune had now placed above her. She adhered to her firſt reſolution.

But the kindneſs of ſir Thomas Sindall rendered it unneceſſary; for, a ſhort time after Mrs. Selwyn's death, when Miſs Sindall communicated to him her intention of leaving his houſe, he addreſſed her in the following terms: "I have always looked upon you, Miſs Luey, as a daughter,

daughter, and, I hope, there has been no want of tenderneſs or attention on the ſide of my aunt or myſelf to have prevented your regarding us as parents. At the ſame time, I know the opinions of the world; miſtaken and illiberal as they often are, there is a deference which we are obliged to pay them: in your ſex the ſenſe of decorum ſhould be ever awake; even in this caſe, I would not attempt to plead againſt its voice; but I hope I have hit on a method which will perfectly reconcile propriety and convenience. There is a lady, a diſtant relation of our family, whom a marriage, ſuch as the world terms imprudent, baniſhed in early life from the notice or protection of it; but, though they could refuſe their ſuffrage to the match, they could not controul its happineſs; and, during the life of Mr. Boothby,

(for

(for that was her huſband's name) ſhe experienced all the felicity of which wedlock is ſuſceptible. Yet on her huſband's death, which happened about five years after their marriage, the ſtate of his affairs was found to be ſuch, that ſhe ſtood but too much in need of that aſſiſtance which her relations denied her. At the time of her giving the family this offence, I was a boy; and I ſcarce ever heard of her name till I was apprized of her misfortunes. Whatever ſervices I have been able to do her, I have found repaid by the ſincereſt gratitude, and improved to the worthieſt purpoſes. Upon the late event of my aunt's death, I was naturally led to wiſh her place ſupplied by Mrs. Boothby; ſhe has done me the favor to accept of my invitation, and I expect her

here

here this evening. Of any thing like authority in this houſe, Miſs Lucy, you ſhall be always independant; but I flatter myſelf ſhe has qualities ſufficient to merit your friendſhip." Lucy returned ſuch an anſwer, as the kindneſs and delicacy of this ſpeech deſerved; and it was agreed, that, for the preſent, her purpoſe of leaving Bilſwood ſhould be laid aſide.

In the evening, the expected lady arrived; ſhe ſeemed to be about the age of fifty, with an impreſſion of melancholy on her countenance, that appeared to have worn away her beauty before the uſual period: ſome traces however ſtill remained, and her eyes, when they met the view of the world, which was but ſeldom, diſcovered a brilliancy not extinguiſhed by her ſorrow.

Her

Her appearance, joined to the knowlege of her ſtory, did not fail to attract Miſs Sindall's regard; ſhe received Mrs. Boothby with an air, not of civility, but friendſhip; and the other ſhowed a ſenſe of the obligation conferred on her, by a look of that modeſt, tender ſort, which equally acknowleges and ſolicits our kindneſs.

With misfortune a good heart eaſily makes an acquaintance. Miſs Sindall endeavoured, by a thouſand little aſſiduities, to ſhow this lady the intereſt ſhe took in her welfare. That reſerve, which the humility of affliction, not an unſocial ſpirit, ſeemed to have taught Mrs. Boothby, wore off by degrees; their mutual eſteem encreaſed as their characters opened to each other; and, in a ſhort time, their confidence was unreſerved,

and

and their friendſhip appeared to be inviolable.

Mrs. Boothby had now the ſatisfaction of pouring the tale of her diſtreſſes into the ear of ſympathy and friendſhip. Her ſtory was melancholy, but not uncommon; the wreck of her huſband's affairs by a mind too enlarged for his fortune, and an indulgence of inclinations laudable in their kind, but faulty in relation to the circumſtances of their owner.

In the hiſtory of her young friend's life, there were but few incidents to communicate in return. She could only ſay, that ſhe remembered herſelf, from her infancy, an orphan, under the care of ſir Thomas Sindall and his aunt; that ſhe had lived with them in a ſtate of quiet and ſimplicity, without having ſeen much

much of the world, or wiſhing to ſee it. She had but one ſecret to diſcloſe in earneſt of her friendſhip; it faltered for ſome time on her lips; at laſt ſhe ventured to let Mrs. Boothby know it—her attachment to Bolton.

From this intelligence the other was led to an enquiry into the ſituation of that young gentleman. She heard the particulars I have formerly related, with an emotion not ſuited to the feelings of Miſs Sindall; and the ſincerity of her friendſhip declared the fears which her prudence ſuggeſted.

She reminded Lucy of the dangers to which youth and inexperience are expoſed, by the ſudden acquiſition of riches; ſhe ſet forth the many diſadvantages of early independance,

independance, and hinted the inconſtancy of attachments, formed in the period of romantic enthuſiaſm, in the ſcenes of rural ſimplicity, which are afterwards to be tried by the maxims of the world, amidſt the ſociety of the gay, the thoughtleſs, and the diſſipated. From all this followed concluſions, which it was as difficult as diſagreeable for the heart of Lucy to form: it could not untwiſt thoſe tender ties which linked it to Bolton; but it began to tremble for itſelf and him.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Certain opinions of Mrs. Boothby.—An attempt to account for them.

FROM the particulars of her own ſtory, and of Bolton's, Mrs. Boothby drew one concluſion common to both; to wit, the goodneſs of ſir Thomas Sindall. This indeed, a laudable gratitude had ſo much impreſſed on her mind, that the praiſes ſhe frequently beſtowed on him, even in his own preſence, would have ſavored of adulation to one, who had not known the debt which this lady owed to his beneficence.

Lucy, to whom ſhe would often repeat her eulogium of the baronet, was ready enough to own the obligations herſelf had

had received, and to join her acknowlegements to thoſe of her friend. Yet there was a want of warmth in her panegyric, for which Mrs. Boothby would ſometimes gently blame her; and one day, when they were on that ſubject, ſhe remarked, with a ſort of jocular air, the difference of that attachment which Miſs Sindall felt, in return for ſo much unwearied kindneſs as ſir Thomas had ſhown her, and that which a few ſoft glances had procured to the more fortunate Mr. Bolton.

Miſs Sindall ſeemed to feel the obſervation with ſome degree of diſpleaſure; and anſwered, bluſhing, that ſhe conſidered ſir Thomas as a parent whom ſhe was to eſteem and revere, not as one for whom ſhe was to entertain any ſentiments of a ſofter kind.

" But

"But ſuppoſe, replied the other, that he ſhould entertain ſentiments of a ſofter kind for you."—"I cannot ſuppoſe it."—"There you are in the wrong: men of ſenſe and knowlege of the world, like ſir Thomas, are not ſo prodigal of unmeaning compliment as giddy young people, who mean not half of what they ſay; but they feel more deeply the force of our attractions, and will retain the impreſſion ſo much the longer as it is grafted on maturity of judgment. I am very much miſtaken, Miſs Lucy, if the worthieſt of men is not your lover."—"Lover! ſir Thomas Sindall my lover!"—"I profeſs, my dear, I cannot ſee the reaſon of that paſſionate exclamation; nor why that man ſhould not be entitled to love you, who has himſelf the beſt title to be beloved."—"I may reverence ſir Thomas

mas Sindall, I may admire his goodneſs; I will do any thing to ſhow my gratitude to him; but to love him—good heavens!

"There is, I know, rejoined Mrs. Boothby, a certain romantic affection, which young people ſuppoſe to be the only thing that comes under that denomination. From being accuſtomed to admire a ſet of opinions, which they term ſentimental, oppoſed to others which they look upon as vulgar and unfeeling, they form to themſelves an ideal ſyſtem in thoſe matters, which, from the nature of things, muſt always be diſappointed. You will find, Miſs Sindall, when you have lived to ſee a little more of the world, the inſufficiency of thoſe viſionary articles of happineſs, that are ſet forth with ſuch parade of language in novels and romances,

mances, as conſiſting in ſympathy of ſoul, and the mutual attraction of hearts, deſtined for each other."

"You will pardon me, ſaid Lucy, for making one obſervation, that you yourſelf are an inſtance againſt the univerſal truth of your argument; you married for love, Mrs. Boothby."—"I did ſo, interrupted ſhe, and therefore I am the better able to imform you of the ſhort duration of that paradiſe ſuch a ſtate is ſuppoſed to imply. We were looked upon, Miſs Lucy, as patterns of conjugal felicity; but folks did little know, how ſoon the raptures with which we went together were changed into feelings of a much colder kind. At the ſame time, Mr. Boothby was a good-natured man; and, I believe, we were on a better footing than moſt

of

of your couples who marry for love are at the end of a twelvemonth. I am now but too well convinced that thoſe are the happieſt matches which are founded on the ſoberer ſentiments of gratitude and eſteem."

To this concluding maxim Lucy made no reply. It was one of thoſe which ſhe could not eaſily bear to believe; it even tinctured the character of the perſon who made it, and ſhe found herſelf not ſo much diſpoſed to love Mrs. Boothby as ſhe once had been.

For this ſort of reaſoning, however, that lady had reaſons which it may not be improper to explain to the reader, if indeed the feeling reader has not already diſcovered them without the aſſiſtance of explanation.

Sir Thomas Sindall, though he was now verging towards that time of life when

"the heyday of the blood is tame,"

was ſtill as ſuſceptible as ever of the influence of beauty. Miſs Lucy I have already mentioned as poſſeſſing an uncommon ſhare of it; and chance had placed her ſo immediately under his obſervation and guardianſhip, that it was ſcarce poſſible for him not to remark, and having remarked, not to deſire it. In ſome minds indeed there might have ariſen ſuggeſtions of honor and conſcience unfavorable to the uſe of that opportunity which fortune had put in his power; but theſe were reſtraints which ſir Thomas had ſo frequently broken, as in a great meaſure to annihilate their force.

During

During the life of his aunt, there were other motives to reſtrain him; thoſe were now removed; and being ſolicitous to preſerve the advantage which he drew from Miſs Sindall's reſidence in his houſe, he pitched on Mrs. Boothby to fill Mrs. Selwyn's place, from whom his former good offices gave him an additional title to expect aſſiſtance, by means of the influence ſhe would naturally gain over the mind of one who was in ſome ſort to become her ward. As I am willing at preſent to believe that lady's character a fair one, I ſhall ſuppoſe, that he concealed from her the kind of addreſſes with which he meant to approach her young friend. It is certain there was but one kind, which the principles of ſir Thomas allowed him to make.

One obſtacle however he foreſaw in the attachment which he had early diſcovered her to have towards Bolton. This, on the moſt favorable ſuppoſition of the caſe, he might eaſily repreſent to Mrs. Boothby, equally hurtful to Lucy's intereſt, and deſtructive of his own wiſhes; and, if ſhe was prevailed on to eſpouſe his cauſe, it may account for thoſe leſſons of prudence which ſhe beſtowed upon Miſs Sindall.

Beſides this, the baronet did not ſcruple to uſe ſome other methods, ſtill more diſhonorable, of ſhaking her confidence in his couſin. He fell upon means of ſecretly intercepting that young gentleman's letters to Lucy; from this he drew a double advantage; both of faſtening a ſuſpicion on Harry's fidelity, and acquiring ſuch intelligence as might point his own machinations to defeat the purpoſes which that correſpondence contained.

CHAP. XIV.

A diſcovery intereſting to Miſs Sindall.

UNDER thoſe circumſtances of advantage in which ſir Thomas Sindall ſtood, it did not ſeem a matter of extreme difficulty to accompliſh that deſign which I have hinted to my readers in the preceding chapter. Let him, whoſe indignation is rouſed at the mention of it, carry his feelings abroad into life; he will find other Sindalls whom the world has not marked with its diſpleaſure: in the ſimplicity of my narrative, what is there that ſhould ſet up this one to his hatred or his ſcorn? let but the heart pronounce its judgment, and the deciſion will be the ſame.

Hitherto ſir Thomas had appeared as the parent and guardian of Lucy; and though, at times, certain expreſſions eſcaped him, which the quickneſs of more experienced, that is, leſs innocent minds would have diſcovered to belong to another character, yet ſhe, to whom they were addreſſed, had heard them without ſuſpicion. But ſhe was now alarmed by the ſuggeſtions of Mrs. Boothby; theſe ſuggeſtions it is poſſible the baronet himſelf had prompted. He knew the force of that poiſon which is conveyed in thoſe indirect approaches, when a woman's vanity is ſet on the watch by the aſſiſtance of a third perſon. She who imagines ſhe hears them with indifference, is in danger; but ſhe who liſtens to them with pleaſure, is undone.

With Lucy, however, they failed of that effect which the baronet's experience had promiſed him: ſhe heard them with a ſort of diſguſt at Mrs. Boothby, and ſomething like fear of ſir Thomas.

Her uneaſineſs encreaſed as his declarations began to be more pointed, though they were then only ſuch as ſome women, who had meant to give them no favorable ear, might perhaps have been rather flattered than diſpleaſed with; but Miſs Sindall was equally void of the art by which we diſguiſe our own ſentiments, and the pride we aſſume from the ſentiments of others.

To her virtues ſir Thomas was no ſtranger; they were difficulties which ſerved but as ſpurs in his purſuit: that he con-

tinued it with encreaſing ardor, may be gathered from two letters, which I ſubjoin for the information of the reader. The firſt is addreſſed

To Mrs. Wiſtanly.

"My dear Madam,

"I fear you begin to accuſe me of neglect; but there are reaſons why I cannot ſo eaſily write to you as formerly. Even without this apology, you would ſcarce believe me capable of forgetting you, who are almoſt the only friend I am poſſeſſed of. Alas! I have need of a friend! pity and direct me.

"Sir Thomas Sindall—how ſhall I tell it?—he has ceaſed to be that guardian, that protector, I eſteemed him; he ſays, he

he loves, he adores me;——I know not why it is, but I ſhudder when I hear theſe words from ſir Thomas Sindall.

"But I have better reaſon for my fears; he has uſed ſuch expreſſions of late, that, though I am not ſkilled enough in the language of his ſex to underſtand their meaning fully, yet they convey too much for his honour, and for my peace.

"Nor is this all.—Laſt night I was ſitting in the parlour with him and Mrs. Boothby, (of whom I have much to tell you) I got up, and ſtood in the bow-window, looking at the rays of the moon which glittered on the pond in the garden. There was ſomething of enviable tranquillity in the ſcene; I ſighed as I looked.—"That's a deep one," ſaid ſir Thomas,

patting me on the ſhoulder behind; I turned round ſomewhat in a flurry, when I perceived that Mrs. Boothby had left the room. I made a motion towards the door; ſir Thomas placed himſelf with his back to it. "Where is Mrs. Boothby?" ſaid I, though I trembled ſo, that I could ſcarcely articulate the words. "What is my ſweet girl frightened at? ſaid he, here are none but love and Sindall." He fell on his knees, and repeated a great deal of jargon, (I was ſo confuſed I know not what) holding my hands, all the while, faſt in his. I pulled them away at laſt; he roſe, and claſping me round the waiſt, would have forced a kiſs; I ſcreamed out, and he turned from me. "What's the matter?" ſaid Mrs. Boothby, who then entered the room; "a mouſe running acroſs the carpet, frightened Miſs Lucy," anſwered

anſwered ſir Thomas; I could not ſpeak, but I ſat down on the ſofa, and had almoſt fainted. Sir Thomas brought me ſome wine and water, and preſſing my hand, whiſpered, that he hoped I would forgive an offence which was already too much puniſhed by its effects: but he looked ſo, while he ſpoke this!

"Oh! Mrs. Wiſtanly, with what regret do I now recollect the days of peaceful happineſs I have paſſed in your little dwelling, when we were at Sindall-Park. I remember I often wiſhed, like other fooliſh girls, to be a woman; methinks I would now gladly return to the ſtate of harmleſs infancy I then neglected to value. I am but ill made for encountering difficulty or danger; yet I fear my path is ſurrounded with both. Could you re-

ceive me again under your roof? there is ſomething hallowed reſides beneath it.—Yet this may not now be ſo convenient—I know not what to ſay—here I am miſerable. Write to me, I entreat you, as ſpeedily as may be. You never yet denied me your advice or aſſiſtance; and never before were they ſo neceſſary to your faithful

L. SINDALL."

To this letter Miſs Sindall received no anſwer; in truth it never reached Mrs. Wiſtanly, the ſervant, to whom ſhe entruſted its conveyance, having, according to inſtructions he had received, delivered it into the hands of his maſter, ſir Thomas Sindall. She concluded, therefore, either that Mrs. Wiſtanly found herſelf unable to aſſiſt her in her preſent diſtreſs, or, what

what ſhe imagined more probable, that age had now weakened her faculties ſo much, as to render her callous even to that feeling which ſhould have pitied it. She next turned her thoughts upon Miſs Walton, the manner of her getting acquainted with whom, I have related in the fifth chapter of this volume; but ſhe learned, that Mr. Walton had, a few days before, ſet out with his daughter on a journey to the Continent, to which he had been adviſed by her phyſicians, as ſhe had, for ſome time paſt, been threatened with ſymptoms of a conſumptive diſorder. Theſe circumſtances, and ſir Thomas's farther conduct in the interval, induced her to addreſs the following letter to Bolton, though ſhe began to ſuſpect, from the ſuppoſed failure of his correſpondence, that the ſuggeſtions

ſhe

ſhe had heard of his change of circumſtances having taught him to forget her, had but too much foundation in reality.

To Henry Bolton, Eſq;

"Is it true, that amidſt the buſineſs, or the pleaſures of his new ſituation, Harry Bolton has forgotten Lucy Sindall? Forlorn as I now am—but I will not complain—I would now leſs than ever complain to you. Yet it is not pride, it is not—I weep while I write this!

"But perhaps, though I do not hear from you, you may yet remember her, to whom you had once ſome fooliſh attachment. It is fit that you think of her no more: ſhe was then indeed a dependant orphan, but there was a ſmall challenge

of

of protection from friends to whom it was imagined her infancy had been entrusted. Know, that this was a fabricated tale; she is, in truth, a wretched foundling, exposed in her infant-state, by the cruelty or necessity of her parents, to the inclemency of a winter-storm, from which miserable situation sir Thomas Sindall delivered her. This he has but a little since told me, in the most ungenerous manner, and from motives which I tremble to think on.—Inhuman that he is! Why did he save me then?

"This Mrs. Boothby too! encompassed as I was with evils, was I not wretched enough before? yet this new discovery has been able to make me more so.—My head grows dizzy when I think on it!—to be blotted out from the records of society!

ety!—What misery or what vice have my parents known! yet now to be the child of a beggar, in poverty and rags, is a situation I am forced to envy.

"I had one friend from whom I looked for some assistance. Mrs. Wistanly, from infirmity, I fear, has forgotten me; I have ventured to think on you. Be but my friend, and no more; talk not of love, that you may not force me to refuse your friendship. If you are not changed indeed, you will be rewarded enough when I tell you, that, to remove me from the dangers of this dreadful place, will call forth more blessings from my heart, than any other can give, that is not wrung with anguish like that of the unfortunate

L. SINDALL."

CHAP. XV.

She receives a letter from Bolton.—A new alarm from ſir Thomas Sindall.

IT happened that the meſſenger to whom the charge of the foregoing billet was committed, was a perſon, not in that line of aſſociation which the baronet had drawn around her; conſequently it eſcaped interception.

When Bolton received it, he was not only alarmed with the intelligence it contained, but his fears were doubly rouſed from the diſcovery it made to him, of his letters not being ſuffered to reach Miſs Sindall. He diſpatched his anſwer, therefore, by a ſpecial meſſenger, who was ordered

ordered to watch an opportunity of delivering it privately into the hands of the lady to whom it was addreſſed. This he found no eaſy matter to accompliſh; nor would he perhaps have been able to effect it at all, but for an artifice to which he had recourſe, of hiring himſelf on a job in ſir Thomas's garden, for which his knowlege in the buſineſs happened to qualify him. He had indeed been formerly employed in that capacity at Sindall-Park, and had there been well enough known to Miſs Lucy, who was herſelf a gardener for amuſement; and, after leaving that place, having gone to the neighbourhood of London for improvement, he was met, and hired by his former acquaintance, Mr. Bolton.

The very next evening after he had got into this ſtation, he obſerved Miſs Sindall enter

enter the garden alone. This was an opportunity not to be miſſed; on pretence, therefore, of fetching ſomewhat from the end of the walk ſhe was on, he paſſed her, and pulled off his hat with a look ſignificant of prior acquaintance. Lucy obſerved him, and, feeling a ſort of momentary comfort from the recollection, began ſome talk with him reſpecting his former ſituation, and the changes it had undergone. She aſked him many queſtions about their old neighbours at Sindall-Park, and particularly Mrs. Wiſtanly; when ſhe was ſoon convinced of her miſapprehenſion with regard to a failure of that worthy woman's intellects, Jery, (ſo the gardener was familiarly called) having ſeen her in his way to Bilſwood, and heard her ſpeak of Miſs Lucy with the moſt tender concern. "And

what

what was your laſt ſervice, Jery?" ſaid ſhe—"I wrought for Mr. Bolton, Madam."—"Mr. Bolton!"—"And I received this paper from him for your Ladyſhip, which I was ordered to deliver into your own hands, and no other body's, an't pleaſe your ladyſhip." She took the letter with a trembling impatience, and whiſpering, that ſhe would find an opportunity of ſeeing him again, hurried up into her chamber to peruſe it. She found it to contain what follows:

"I have not words to tell my ever deareſt Lucy, with what diſtracting anxiety I read the letter that is now lying before me. To give her ſuſpicions of my faith, muſt have been the work of no common treachery: when ſhe knows that I wrote to her three ſeveral times without

receiving

receiving any anſwer, ſhe will, at the ſame time, acquit me of inconſtancy, and judge of my uneaſineſs.

" That diſcovery which ſhe has lately made, is nothing to her or to me. My Lucy is the child of heaven, and her inheritance every excellence it can beſtow.

" But her preſent ſituation—my God! what horrible images has my fancy drawn of it! For heaven's ſake, let not even the moſt amiable of weakneſſes prevent her eſcaping from it into the arms of her faithful Bolton. I diſpatch a meſſenger with this inſtantly. I cannot poſſibly follow him myſelf ſooner than two days hence. I will then ſet out for the neighbourhood of Bilſwood. That houſe I am forbidden to enter, ſir Thomas having taken occaſion,

ſion, from my reſigning a commiſſion which would have fixed me inglorioufly in a garriſon abroad, that I might be of ſome uſe to my country at home, to write me a letter in the angrieſt terms, renouncing me, as he terms it, for ever. I ſee, I ſee, the villany of his purpoſe; 'tis but a few days hence, and I will meet him in the covert of his falſehood and blaſt it. Let my Lucy be but juſt to herſelf and to

BOLTON."

She had ſcarcely read this, when Mrs. Boothby entered the room. The baronet had, for ſome days, quitted that plan of intimidation, which had prompted him to diſcover to Lucy, the circumſtance of her being a wretched foundling, ſupported by his charity, for a behaviour more mild and inſinuating; and Mrs. Boothby, who

ſquared

ſquared her conduct accordingly, had been particularly attentive and obliging. She now delivered to Miſs Sindall a meſſage from a young lady in the neighbourhood, an acquaintance of hers, begging her company, along with Mrs. Boothby's, to a party of pleaſure the day after. "And really, Miſs Sindall," ſaid ſhe, with an air of concern, "I muſt enforce the invitation from a regard to your health, as you ſeem to have been drooping for ſome days paſt." Lucy looked her full in the face, and ſighed; that look ſhe did not chuſe to underſtand, but repeated her queſtion as to their jaunt to-morrow. "Miſs Venhurſt will call at nine, and expects to find you ready to attend her." —"What you pleaſe," replied the other; "if Miſs Venhurſt is to be of the party, I have no objection." The conſent ſeemed

to

to give much ſatisfaction to Mrs. Boothby, who left her with a gentle tap on the back, and an unuſual appearance of kindneſs in her aſpect.

Lucy read her letter again; ſhe had deſired Bolton to think of her no more; but there is in the worthieſt hearts, a little hypocriſy attending ſuch requeſts: ſhe found herſelf happy in the thought that he had not forgotten her.

When ſhe opened her buroe, to depoſit this freſh teſtimony of his attachment, ſhe obſerved the corner of a piece of paper which had been thruſt into a fiſſure occaſioned by the ſhrinking of the wood. Her curioſity was excited by this circumſtance, and unfolding the paper, ſhe found it to contain ——

To Miſs Sindle.

Madm.

" I writ this from a ſincear regaird to yur welfer. Sir Tho. Sindle haſe a helitch plott againſt yur vartùe, and haſe imployde Mrs. Buthbie, whu is a wooman of a notoreus karicter in Londun to aſiſt him. They wil putt yu on a jant tomoro on pretens of ſeeing Miſs Venhrſt, butt it is fals: for ſhe is nott to be thair, and they only wants to inveegl yu for a wicket purpes. therfor bi advyzd by a frinde, and du not go.

Yur ſecrt welwiſhar,

R. S."

Amazement and horror filled the mind of Lucy as ſhe read this; but, when the firſt perturbation of her ſoul was over,

ſhe bethought herſelf of endeavouring to find out her friend in the author of this epiſtle, whoſe compaſſion ſeemed ſo much intereſted in her behalf. She remembered that one of the ſervants who was ſometimes employed to ride out with her, was called Robert, which agreed with the firſt initial in the ſubſcription of the note ſhe had received. At ſupper, therefore, tho' ſhe wore a look of as much indifference as poſſible, ſhe marked, with a ſecret attention the appearance of this man's countenance. Her belief, of his being the perſon who had communicated this friendly intelligence, was encreaſed from her obſervation; and ſhe determined to watch an opportunity of queſtioning him with regard to it.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

Miſs Sindall has an interview with Robert. —A reſolution ſhe takes in conſequence of it.

AFTER a night of wakeful anxiety, ſhe was called in the morning by Mrs. Boothby, who told her, that breakfaſt waited, as it was near the hour they propoſed ſetting out on their jaunt. "Miſs Venhurſt, continued ſhe, has ſent to let you know, that ſhe is prevented from calling here as ſhe promiſed, but that ſhe will meet us on the road."——"I am ſorry," anſwered Lucy, with a counterfeited coolneſs, "that I ſhould be forced to diſappoint her in my turn; but I reſted ſo ill laſt night, and my head akes ſo violently that

I cannot poſſibly attend her."——" Not go!" exclaimed Mrs. Boothby; "why, my dear, you will disjoint the whole party; beſides, I have not time to acquaint the Venhurſt-family, and it will look ſo odd."—" It would look odder, ſaid Lucy, if I ſhould go abroad when I am really ſo very much indiſpoſed." " Nay, if you are *really* ſo much indiſpoſed," anſwered the other, " I will ſend our apology, late as it is."—" But you ſhall not ſtay at home to attend me," interrupted Lucy. " Indeed but I ſhall," replied Mrs. Boothby; " it was on your account only that I propoſed going. Keep your chamber, and I will ſend you up ſome tea immediately."—And ſhe left the room for that purpoſe.

Her attention indeed was but too vigilant for the ſcheme which Lucy had formed

of

of examining Robert about that note ſhe had found in her buroe; but accident at laſt furniſhed her with the opportunity ſhe ſought. Mrs. Boothby having left her, in order to preſide at dinner, ſent this very ſervant, with a plate of ſomething to her patient above ſtairs. He would have delivered it to one of the maids at the door; but Lucy, hearing his voice, deſired that he might come in, on pretence of talking to him about a young horſe ſhe had employed him to ride for her, and ſending the maid on ſome errand, put the paper into his hand, and aſked him if he was the perſon to whom ſhe was endebted for a piece of information ſo momentous. The fellow bluſhed, and ſtammered, and ſeemed afraid to confeſs his kindneſs. "For God's ſake, ſaid Lucy, do not trifle with my miſery;

there is no time to loſe in evaſions; what do you know of ſir Thomas's deſigns againſt me?"—"Why for certain, Madam, ſaid he, ſervants ſhould not blab their maſter's ſecrets; but your ladyſhip is ſo ſweet a lady, that I could not bear to ſee you ſo deceived. Sir Thomas's valet de chamb is a chum of mine, and he told me, after having made me promiſe to keep it a profound ſecret, that his maſter deſigned to entice you on a party with Mrs. Boothby; that they were to ſtop at a ſolitary farm-houſe of his, and there ſir Thomas"——"Forbear the ſhocking recital," cried Lucy. "To be ſure it is ſhocking, ſaid Robert, and ſo I ſaid to Jem, when he told me; but he anſwered (your ladiſhip will forgive me for repeating his words) that it mattered not much; for ſhe is nothing better, ſaid he, than a beggarly

beggarly foundling, whom my maſter and I picked up, one ſtormy night, on the road, near his hunting-place there at Hazleden; and, having taken a liking to the child, he brought her home to Mrs. Selwyn, pretending, that ſhe was the daughter of a gentleman of his own name, a friend of his who died abroad; and his aunt, believing the ſtory, brought her up for all the world like a lady, and left her forſooth a legacy at her death; but if all were as it ſhould be, ſhe would be following ſome draggle-tailed gipſy, inſtead of flanting in her fineries here."—"Would that I were begging my bread, ſo I were but out of this frightful houſe." "I wiſh you were," ſaid Robert ſimply, "for I fear there are more plots hatching againſt you than you are aware of: is not Mrs. Boothby's Sukey to ſleep to-night in the

room with your ladyſhip?"——"I conſented, on Mrs. Boothby's importunity, that ſhe ſhould."—"Why then, continued he, I ſaw Jem carry a caſt gown of Mrs. Boothby's, ſhe had formerly given to Sukey, but which ſhe aſked back from the girl on pretence of taking a pattern from it, into his maſter's dreſſing-room; and when I aſked him what he was doing with it there, he winked thus, and ſaid it was for ſomebody to maſkerade in to-night." "Gracious God! cried Lucy, whither ſhall I turn me?—Robert, if ever thou would'ſt find grace with heaven, pity a wretch that knows not where to look for protection!"—She had thrown herſelf on her knees before him.—"What can I do for your ladyſhip?" ſaid he, raiſing her from the ground; "take me from this dreadful place," ſhe exclaimed, holding

by

by the ſleeve of his coat, as if ſhe feared his leaving her. "Alas! anſwered Robert, I cannot take you from it."—She ſtood for ſome moments rapt in thought, the fellow looking piteouſly in her face. "It will do," ſhe cried, breaking from him, and running into her dreſſing cloſet. "Look here, Robert, look here; could I not get, from this window, on the garden-wall, and ſo leap down into the outer court."—"But ſuppoſing your ladyſhip might, what would you do then?"—— "Could not you procure me a horſe?"—"Stay—there is one of the chaiſe-horſes at graſs in the paddock—do you know the road to Mrs. Wiſtanly's?"—"Mrs. Wiſtanly's!"—"For heaven's ſake refuſe not my requeſt! you cannot be ſo cruel as to refuſe it." "I would do much to ſerve your ladyſhip; but if they ſhould

diſcover us"—Talk not of if's," my dear Robert;—" but ſoft—I will manage it thus—no, that can't be either—the ſervants are in bed by eleven." " Before it, an't pleaſe your ladyſhip." " If you could contrive to have that horſe ſaddled at the gate ſo ſoon as all is quiet within, I can get out and meet you."—" I don't know what to ſay to it"—Somebody from below cried, Robert—Lucy was down on her knees again—" Stay, I conjure you, and anſwer me."—" For God's ſake, riſe, ſaid he, and do not debaſe yourſelf to a poor ſervant, as I am." " Never will I riſe, till you promiſe to meet me at eleven." —" I will, I will, (and the tears guſhed into his eyes) whatever be the conſequence."—Sukey appeared at the door, calling, Robert, again;—he ran down ſtairs, Lucy followed him ſome ſteps inſenſibly,

ſenſibly, with her hands folded together in the attitude of ſupplication.

In the interval between this and the time of putting her ſcheme in execution, ſhe ſuffered all that fear and ſuſpence could inflict. She wiſhed to ſee again the intended companion of her eſcape; but the conſciouſneſs of her purpoſe ſtopped her tongue, when ſhe would have uttered ſome pretence for talking with him. At times her reſolution was ſtaggered by the thoughts of the perils attending her flight; but her imagination preſently ſuggeſted the danger of her ſtay, and the dread of the greater evil became a fortitude againſt the leſs.

The hour of eleven at laſt arrived. Mrs. Boothby, whoſe attendance was af-

terwards to be ſupplied by that of her maid, had juſt bid her good-night, on her pretending an unuſual drouſineſs, and promiſed to ſend up Sukey in a very little after. Lucy went into her dreſſing-cloſet, and faſtening the door, got up on a chair at the window, which ſhe had taken care to leave open ſome time before, and ſtepped out on the wall of the garden, which was broad enough a-top to admit of her walking along it. When ſhe got as far as the gate, ſhe ſaw, by the light of the moon, Robert ſtanding at the place of appointment: he caught her in his arms when ſhe leaped down.—"Why do you tremble ſo?" ſaid ſhe, her own lips quivering as ſhe ſpoke.—"Is the horſe ready?" "Here," anſwered Robert, ſtammering, "but"—"Get on, ſaid Lucy, and let us away for heaven's ſake!"—

He ſeemed ſcarce able to mount the horſe; ſhe ſprung from the ground on the pad behind him. "Does your ladyſhip think," ſaid Robert faintly, "as they left the gate, of the danger you run?"—"There is no danger but within thoſe hated walls."—"'Twill be a dreadful night"—(for it began to rain, and the thunder rolled at a diſtance). "Fear not, ſaid ſhe, we cannot miſs our way"—"But if they ſhould overtake us"—"They ſhall not, they ſhall not overtake us"—Robert anſwered with a deep ſigh!—But they were now at ſome diſtance from the houſe, and ſtriking out of the high-way into a lane, from the end of which a ſhort road lay over a common to the village in which Mrs. Wiſtanly lived, they put on a very quick pace, and in a ſhort time Lucy imagined herſelf pretty ſafe from purſuit.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Bolton ſets out for Bilſwood.—A recital of ſome accidents in his journey.

AS I flatter myſelf that my readers feel ſome intereſt in the fate of Miſs Sindall, I would not leave that part of my narration which regarded her, till I had brought it to the period of her eſcape. Having accompanied her thus far, I return to give ſome account of Mr. Bolton.

According to the promiſe he had made to Lucy, he ſet out for Bilſwood, two days after the date of that letter ſhe received from him by the hands of his gardener. That faithful fellow had orders to return, after delivering it, and on procuring

curing what intelligence he could of the family, to wait his master, at a little inn, about five miles distant from sir Thomas Sindall's. The first part of his business the reader has seen him accomplish; as to the rest, he was only able to learn something, confusedly, of the baronet's attachment to Miss Lucy. He expected to have seen that young lady again on the day following that of their first interview; but her attention had been so much occupied, by the discoveries related in the two last chapters, and contriving the means of avoiding the danger with which she was threatened, that her promise to the bearer of Mr. Bolton's letter had escaped her memory. He set out therefore for the place of appointment on the evening of that day, and reached it but a very short time before his master arrived.

Bolton,

Bolton, having learned what particulars Jery could inform him of, desired him to return in the morning to his work in sir Thomas's garden, and remain there till he should receive farther orders; then leaving his horses and servants for fear of discovery, he set out on foot, in the garb of a peasant, which Jery had found means to procure him.

As he had passed several years of his life at Bilswood, he trusted implicitly to his own knowlege of the way; but soon after his leaving the inn the moon was totally darkened, and it rained with such violence, accompanied with incessant peals of thunder, that, in the confusion of the scene, he missed his path, and had wandered a great way over the adjacent common before he discovered his mistake.

When

When he endeavoured to regain the road, he found himſelf entangled in a very thick brake of furze, which happened to lie on that ſide whence he had turned; and, after ſeveral fruitleſs efforts to make his way through it, he was obliged to deſiſt from the attempt, and tread back the ſteps he had made, till he returned to the open part of the heath. Here he ſtood, uncertain what courſe to take; when he obſerved at a diſtance the twinkling of a light, which immediately determined him. On advancing ſomewhat nearer, he found a little winding track that ſeemed to point towards the place; and after following it ſome time, he could diſcern an object which he took for the houſe to which it led.

The lightning, which now flaſhed around him, diſcovered on each hand the earth raiſed

raiſed into mounds that ſeemed graves of the dead, and here and there a bone lay moldering on the walk he trod. A few paces farther, through a narrow gothic door, gleamed a light, which faintly illuminated a length of vault within. To this Bolton approached, not without ſome degree of fear; when he perceived at the farther end a perſon, in a military uniform, ſitting by a fire he had made of ſome withered bruſh-wood piled up againſt the wall. As Harry approached him, the echo of the place doubled the hollow ſound of his feet.—"Who is there?" cried the ſtranger, turning at the noiſe, and half-unſheathing a hanger which he wore at his ſide. "A friend," replied Harry, bowing, "who takes the liberty of begging a ſeat by your fire." "Your manner, ſaid the other, belies

your

your garb; but whoever you are, you are welcome to what ſhelter this roof can afford, and what warmth my fire can give. We are, for the time, joint lords of the manſion, for my title is no other than the inclemency of the night. It is ſuch a one as makes even this gloomy ſhelter enviable; and that broken piece of mattock, and this flint, are precious, becauſe they lighted ſome bits of dry ſtraw, to kindle the flame that warms us. By the moſs-grown altar, and the frequent figures of the croſs, I ſuppoſe theſe the remains of ſome chapel devoted to ancient veneration. Sit down on this ſtone, if you pleaſe, ſir, and our offering ſhall be a thankful heart over ſome humble fare which my knapſac contains." As he ſpoke, he pulled out a loaf of coarſe bread, a piece of cheeſe, and a bottle

bottle of ale. Bolton expreſſed his thanks for the invitation, and partook of the repaſt. "I fear, ſir," ſaid his companion, "you will be poorly ſupped; but I have known what it is, to want even a cruſt of bread.—You look at me with ſurprize; but, though I am poor, I am honeſt." "Pardon me," anſwered Harry, "I entertain no ſuſpicion; there is ſomething that ſpeaks for you in this boſom, and anſwers for your worth. It may be in my power to prevent, for the future, thoſe hardſhips which, I fear, you have formerly endured."—The ſoldier held forth the bit of bread which he was putting to his mouth—"He, to whom this fare is luxury, can ſcarcely be dependant; yet my gratitude to you, ſir, is equally due;—if I have felt misfortune, I have deſerved it."——He ſighed, and

Harry

Harry anſwered him with a ſigh.—"I ſee a ſort of queſtion in your face, ſir; and, I know not why it is, there are ſome faces I cannot eaſily reſiſt. If my ſtory outlaſts the ſtorm, it will take from the irkſomeneſs of its duration."

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

The ſtranger relates the hiſtory of his life.

"IT is now upwards of twenty years ſince I left my native country. You are too young, ſir, to have gained much knowlege of mankind; let me warn you, from ſad experience, to beware of thoſe paſſions which at your age I was unable to reſiſt, and which, in the commerce of the world, will find abundant occaſion to overcome incautious and unexperienced youth. Start not when I tell you, that you ſee before you one whom the laws of his country had doomed to expiate his crimes by death, though from the mercy of his prince, that judgment was mitigated into a term of tranſportation ſome time

time ago elapſed. This puniſhment I incurred from the commiſſion of a robbery, to which ſome particular circumſtances, joined to the poverty conſequent on diſſipation and extravagance, had tempted me.

The maſter to whom my ſervice was adjudged in the Weſt-Indies, happened to die ſoon after my arrival there. I got my freedom therefore, though it was but to change it for a ſervice as ſevere as my former; I was enliſted in a regiment then ſtationed in the iſland, and being conſidered as a felon, unworthy of any mild treatment, was conſtantly expoſed to every hardſhip which the ſtricteſt duty, or the moſt continual expoſure to the dangers of the climate, could inflict. Had I revealed my ſtory, and taken advantage of that diſtinction which my birth and education

cation would have made between the other convicts and me, it is probable I might have prevented moſt of the evils both of my former and preſent ſituation; but I ſet out, from the firſt, with a fixed determination, of ſuffering every part of my puniſhment, which the law allots to the meaneſt and moſt unfriended. All the ſeverities, therefore, which were now impoſed upon me, I bore without repining; and, from an excellent natural conſtitution, was not only able to overcome them, but they ſerved to render me ſtill more patient of fatigue, and leſs ſuſceptible of impreſſion from the viciſſitudes of the weather; and from a ſullen diſregard of life, with which the remembrance of better days inſpired me, my ſoul became as fearleſs as my body robuſt. Theſe qualities made me be taken notice

of

of by ſome of the officers in the regiment, and afterwards, when it was ordered to America, and went on ſome Indian expeditions, were ſtill more ſerviceable and more attractive of obſervation. By theſe means I began to obliterate the diſgrace which my ſituation at enliſting had fixed upon me; and, if ſtill regarded as a ruffian, I was at leaſt acknowleged to be a uſeful one. Not long after, on occaſion of a piece of ſervice I performed for an officer, on an advanced guard, that was attacked by a party of hoſtile Indians, I was promoted to a halbard. The ſtigma, however, of my tranſportation was not yet entirely forgotten, and by ſome it was the better remembered becauſe of my preſent advancement. One of thoſe, with whom I had never been on good terms, was particularly offended at being com-

manded, as he termed it, by a jail-bird; and one day, when I was on guard, had drawn, on the back of my coat, the picture of a gallows, on which was hung a figure in caricature, with the initials of my name written over it. This was an affront too groſs to be tamely put up; having ſought out the man, who did not deny the charge, I challenged him to give me ſatisfaction by fighting me. But this, from the opinion conceived of my ſtrength and ferocity, he did not chuſe to accept; on which I gave him ſo ſevere a drubbing, that he was unable to mount guard in his turn, and the ſurgeon reported that his life was in danger. For this offence I was tried by a court-martial, and ſentenced to receive five hundred laſhes as a puniſhment. When their ſentence was communicated to me, I petitioned that it might

might be changed into death; but my requeſt was refuſed. That very day, therefore, I received one hundred laſhes, (for the ſentence was to be executed at different periods) and next morning was to ſuffer as many more. The remainder however I reſolved, if poſſible, to eſcape by an act of ſuicide. This I was only prevented from putting in execution by the want of opportunity; as I had been ſtripped of every the ſmalleſt weapon of offence, and was bound with ropes to one of the poſts of my bed. I contrived, nevertheleſs, about midnight, to reach the fire-place with my feet, and having drawn out thence a live ember, diſpoſed it immediately under the moſt combuſtible part of the bed. It had very ſoon the effect I deſired; the room was ſet on fire, and I regained my liberty, by the ropes,

with which I was tied, being burnt. At that moment the desire of life was rekindled by the possibility of escaping: the flames bursting out fiercely at one side of the house where I lay, the attention of the soldiers whom the fire had awaked, was principally turned to that quarter, and I had an opportunity of stealing off unperceived at the opposite side. We were then in a sort of wooden huts which had been built for our accommodation on the outside of one of our frontier-forts; so that, when I had run two or three hundred yards, I found myself in the shelter of a wood, pretty secure from pursuit; but, as there it was impossible for me long to subsist, and I had no chance of escaping detection if I ventured to approach the habitations of any of my countrymen, I formed the resolution of endeavoring

voring to join the Indians, whoſe ſcouting parties I had frequently ſeen at a ſmall diſtance from our out-poſts. I held therefore in a direction which I judged the moſt probable for falling in with them, and a very little after day-break diſcovered a party, ſeated after the manner of their country, in a ring, with the aſhes of their newly-extinguiſhed fire in the middle. I advanced ſlowly to the place, which I had almoſt reached before I was perceived. When they diſcovered me, they leaped up to their feet, and ſeizing their arms, ſcreamed out the war-whoop, to alarm the different ſmall parties who had paſſed the night in reſting places near them. One of them preſenting his piece, took aim at me; but I fell on my knees, ſhowed them my defenceleſs ſtate, and held out my hands, as if

imploring their mercy and protection. Upon this one of the oldeſt among them made a ſign to the reſt, and advancing towards me, aſked me, in broken French, mixed with his own language, of which too I underſtood ſomething, what was my intention, and whence I came? I anſwered as diſtinctly as I could to theſe interrogatories; and ſhowing the ſores on my back, which I gave him to underſtand had been inflicted at the fort, made proteſtations, both by imperfect language and ſignificant geſtures, of my friendſhip to his countrymen and hatred to my own. After holding a moment's converſation with the reſt, he took my hand, and, leading me a little forward, placed me in the midſt of the party. Some of them examined me attentively, and upon ſome farther diſcourſe together, brought the bag-

gage,

gage, with which two priſoners, lately made from ſome adverſe tribe, had been loaded, and laid it upon me. This burden, which to any man would have been oppreſſively heavy, you may believe, was much more intolerable to me, whoſe fleſh was yet raw from the laſhes I had received; but as I knew that fortitude was an indiſpenſable virtue with the Indians, I bore it without wincing, and we proceeded on the rout which the party I had joined were deſtined to purſue. During the courſe of our firſt day's march, they often looked ſtedfaſtly in my face, to diſcover if I ſhowed any ſigns of uneaſineſs. When they ſaw that I did not, they lightened my load by degrees, and at laſt, the ſenior chief, who had firſt taken notice of me, freed me from it altogether, and, at the ſame time, chewing ſome herbs he

found in the wood, applied them to my ſores, which in a few days were almoſt entirely healed. I was then entruſted with a tomahawk, and ſhortly after with a gun, to the dexterous uſe of both which weapons I was frequently exerciſed by the young men of our party, during the remainder of our expedition. It laſted ſome months, in which time I had alſo become tolerably acquainted with their language. At the end of this excurſion, in which they warred on ſome other Indian nations, they returned to their own country, and were received with all the barbarous demonſtrations of joy peculiar to that people. In a day or two after their arrival, their priſoners were brought forth into a large plain, where the kindred of thoſe who had been ſlain by the nations to which the captives belonged, aſſembled

aſſembled to ſee them. Each ſingled out his expiatory priſoner, and having taken him home to his hut, ſuch as choſe that kind of ſatisfaction, adopted them in place of the relations they had loſt; with the reſt they returned to their former place of meeting, and began to celebrate the feſtival of their revenge. You can hardly conceive a ſpecies of inventive cruelty, which they did not inflict on the wretches whom fortune had thus put into their power; during the courſe of which, not a groan eſcaped from the ſufferers; but while the uſe of their voices remained, they ſung, in their rude, yet forcible manner, the glory of their former victories, and the pleaſure they had received from the death of their foes; concluding always with the hopes of revenge from the ſurviving warriors of their nation.

Nor was it only for the pleaſure of the reflexion that they caroled thus the triumphs of the paſt; for I could obſerve, that, when at any time the rage of their tormentors ſeemed to ſubſide, they poured forth thoſe boaſtful ſtrains in order to rekindle their fury, that intenſeneſs of pain might not be wanting in the trial of their fortitude. I perceived the old man whom I have before mentioned, keep his eye fixed upon me during this inhuman ſolemnity; and frequently, when an extreme degree of torture was born with that calmneſs which I have deſcribed, he would point, with an expreſſive look, to him on whom it was inflicted, as if he had deſired me to take particular notice of his reſolution. I did not then fully comprehend the meaning of this; but I afterwards underſtood it to have been a pre-

paratory

paratory hint of what I myſelf was to endure; for the next morning, after the laſt ſurviving priſoner had expired, I was ſeized by three or four Indians, who ſtripped me of what little cloaths I had then left, tied me in a horizontal poſture between the branches of two large trees they had fixed in the ground, and, after the whole tribe had danced round me to the muſic of a barbarous howl, they began to react upon me, nearly the ſame ſcene they had been engaged in the day before. After each of a certain ſelect number had ſtuck his knife into my body, though they carefully avoided any mortal wound, they rubbed it over, bleeding as it was, with gun-powder, the ſalts of which gave me the moſt exquiſite pain. Nor did the ingenuity of theſe practiſed tormentors ſtop here; they afterwards laid quantities of

dry gun-powder on different parts of my body, and ſet fire to them, by which I was burnt in ſome places to the bone.—— But I ſee you ſhudder at the horrid recital; ſuffice it then to ſay, that theſe, and ſome other ſuch experiments of wanton cruelty, I bore with that patience with which nothing but a life of hardſhip, and a certain obduracy of ſpirit, proceeding from a contempt of exiſtence, could have endowed me.

" After this trial was over, I was looſed from my bonds, and ſet in the midſt of a circle, who ſhouted the cry of victory, and my aged friend brought me a bowl of water, mixed with ſome ſpirits, to drink. He took me then home to his hut, and laid applications of different ſimples to my mangled body. When I was ſo

ſo well recovered as to be able to walk abroad, he called together certain elders of his tribe, and acknowleging me for his ſon, gave me a name, and faſtened round my neck a belt of wampum. "It is "thus, ſaid he, that the valiant are tried, "and thus are they rewarded; for how "ſhould'ſt thou be as one of us, if thy "ſoul were as the ſoul of little men; he "only is worthy to lift the hatchet with "the Cherokees, to whom ſhame is more "intolerable than the ſtab of the knife, "or the burning of the fire."

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

A continuation of the ſtranger's ſtory.

"IN this ſociety I lived till about a year and a half ago; and it may ſeem extraordinary to declare, yet it is certainly true, that during the life of the old man who had adopted me, even had there been no legal reſtraint on my return to my native country, ſcarce any inducement could have tempted me to leave the nation to which he belonged, except perhaps the deſire of reviſiting a parent, and a ſiſter, whom I had left in England ſunk beneath that ignominy, which the ſon and the brother had drawn on his guiltleſs connexions. When we conſider the perfect freedom ſubſiſting in this rude and ſimple

ſimple ſtate of ſociety, where rule is only acknowleged for the purpoſe of immediate utility to thoſe who obey, and ceaſes whenever that purpoſe of ſubordination is accompliſhed; where greatneſs cannot uſe oppreſſion, nor wealth excite envy; where the deſires are native to the heart, and the languor of ſatiety is unknown; where, if there is no refined ſenſation of delight, there is alſo no ideal ſource of calamity; we ſhall the leſs wonder at the inhabitants feeling no regret, for the want of thoſe delicate pleaſures which a more poliſhed people are poſſeſſed of. Certain it is, that I am far from being a ſingle inſtance, of one who had even attained maturity in Europe, and yet found his mind ſo accommodated, by the habit of a few years, to Indian manners, as to leave that country with regret. The death of my parent by adoption

adoption looſened, indeed, my attachment to it; that event happened a ſhort time before my departure from America.

"The compoſure with which the old man met his diſſolution, would have done honour to the firmeſt philoſopher of antiquity. When he found himſelf near his end, he called me to him, to deliver ſome final inſtructions reſpecting my carriage to his countrymen; he obſerved, at the cloſe of his diſcourſe, that I retained ſo much of the European as to ſhed ſome tears, while he delivered it. "In thoſe "tears, ſaid he, there is no wiſdom, for "there is no uſe; I have heard that, in "your country, men prepare for death, "by thinking on it while they live; this "alſo is folly, becauſe it loſes the good, "by anticipating the evil: we do other-

"wiſe,

" wiſe, my ſon, as our fathers have bet-
" ter inſtructed us, and take from the
" evil by reflecting on the good. I have
" lived a thouſand moons, without cap-
" tivity, and without diſgrace; in my
" youth I did not fly in battle, and in
" age, the tribes liſtened while I ſpake.
" If I live in another land after death, I
" ſhall remember theſe things with plea-
" ſure; if the preſent is our only life, to
" have done thus is to have uſed it well.
" You have ſometimes told me of your
" countrymen's account of a land of ſouls;
" but you were a young man when you
" came among us, and the cunning among
" them may have deceived you; for the
" children of the French king call them-
" ſelves after the ſame God that the Eng-
" liſh do; yet their diſcourſes concerning
" him cannot be true, becauſe they are
" oppoſite

" oppoſite one to another. Each ſays,
" that God ſhall burn the others with
" fire; which could not happen if both
" were his children. Beſides, neither of
" them act as the ſons of Truth, but as
" the ſons of deceit; they ſay their God
" heareth all things, yet do they break
" the promiſes which they have called
" upon him to hear; but we know that
" the ſpirit within us liſteneth, and what
" we have ſaid in its hearing, that we do.
" If in another country the ſoul liveth,
" this witneſs ſhall live with it; whom it
" hath here reproached, it ſhall there diſ-
" quiet; whom it hath here honoured, it
" ſhall there reward. Live, therefore,
" my ſon, as your father hath lived;
" and die, as he dieth, fearleſs of death."

" With

" With ſuch ſentiments the old man reſigned his breath, and I bluſhed for the life of Chriſtians, while I heard them.

" I was now become an independant member of the community; and my behaviour had been ſuch, that I ſucceeded to the condition of my father, with the reſpect of a people, amongſt whom honour is attainable only by merit. But his death had diſſolved that tie which gratitude, and indeed affection for the old man, had on my heart; and the ſcene of his death naturally awakened in me the remembrance of a father in England, whoſe age might now be helpleſs, and call for the aid of a long-loſt ſon to ſolace and ſupport it. This idea, once rouſed, became every day more powerful, and at laſt I reſolved to communicate it to the

tribe,

tribe, and tell them my purpoſe of returning home.

" They heard me without ſurprize or emotion; as indeed it is their great characteriſtic not to be eaſily awakened to either. " You return, ſaid one of the " elders, to a people, who ſell affection " to their brethren for money; take " therefore with you ſome of the com- " modities which their traders value. " Strength, agility, and fortitude, are " ſufficient to us; but with them they are " of little uſe; and he who poſſeſſes " wealth, having no need of virtue, among " the wealthy it will not be found. The " laſt your father taught you, and amongſt " us you have practiſed; the firſt he had " not to leave, nor have we to beſtow; " but take as many beaver-ſkins as you " can

" can carry on your journey, that they " may reach that parent whom, you tell " us, you go to cheriſh."

" I returned thanks to the old man for his counſel, and to the whole tribe for their kindneſs; and having, according to his advice, taken a few of the furs they offered me, I reſumed the tattered remains of the European dreſs which I had on when I eſcaped from the fort, and took the neareſt road to one of our back-ſettlements, which I reached, without any accident, by the aſſiſtance of an Indian who had long ſhown a particular attachment to me, and who now attended me on my way. " Yonder ſmoke," ſaid my conductor, " riſes from the dwellings of " your countrymen. You now return to " a world which I have heard you deſcribe

" as

" as full of calamity; but the ſoul you " poſſeſs is the ſoul of a man; remember " that to fortitude there is no ſting in ad- " verſity, and in death no evil to the " valiant."

" When he left me, I ſtood for ſome minutes, looking back, on one hand, to the wilds I had paſſed, and on the other, to the ſcenes of cultivation which European induſtry had formed; and it may ſurprize you to hear, that, though there wanted not ſome rekindling attachment to a people amongſt whom my firſt breath had been drawn, and my youth ſpent, yet my imagination drew, on this ſide, fraud, hypocriſy, and ſordid baſeneſs; while on that ſeemed to preſide honeſty, truth, and ſavage nobleneſs of ſoul.

" When

"When I appeared at the door of one of the houſes in the ſettlement that was neareſt me, I was immediately accoſted by its maſter, who, judging from the bundle of furs which I carried, that I had been trading among the Indians, aſked me, with much kindneſs, to take up my lodging with him. Of this offer I was very glad to accept, though I found a ſcarcity of words to thank my countryman for his favour; as, from want of uſe, my remembrance of the Engliſh language had been ſo much effaced, as not only to repreſs fluency, but even to prevent an ordinary command of expreſſion; and I was more eſpecially at a loſs for ceremonious phraſeology, that department of language being unknown in the country whence I was juſt returned. My landlord was not a little aſtoniſhed, when I could

I could at laſt make ſhift to inform him of my having paſſed ſo many years among the Indians. He aſked a thouſand queſtions about cuſtoms which never exiſted, and told me of a multitude of things, of which all the time I had lived in that country, I had never dreamed the poſſibility. Indeed, from the ſuperiority of his expreſſion, joined to that fund of ſuppoſed knowlege which it ſerved to communicate, a by-ſtander would have been led to imagine, that he was deſcribing, to ſome ignorant gueſt, a country with whoſe manners he had been long converſant, and among whoſe inhabitants he had paſſed the greateſt part of his life. At length, however, his diſcourſe centered upon the fur-trade, and naturally glided from that to an offer of purchaſing my beaver-ſkins. Theſe things, I was informed by my courteous

teous entertainer, had fallen ſo much in their price of late, that the traders could hardly defray their journey in procuring them; that himſelf had loſt by ſome late bargains in that way; but that, to oblige a ſtranger, the ſingularity of whoſe adventures had intereſted him in his behalf, he would give me the higheſt price at which he had heard of their being ſold for a long time paſt. This I accepted without heſitation, as I had neither language nor inclination for haggling, and having procured as much money by the bargain as, I imagined, would more than carry me to a ſea-port, I proceeded on my journey, accompanied by an inhabitant of Williamſburg, who was returning from an annual viſit, to a ſettlement on the back-frontiers, which he had purchaſed in partnerſhip with another, who

conſtantly reſided upon it. He ſeemed to be naturally of an inquiſitive diſpoſition; and having learned from my former landlord, that I had lived ſeveral years with the Indians, tormented me, all the while our journey laſted, with interrogatories concerning their country and manners. But, as he was leſs opinionative of his own knowlege in the matter than my laſt Engliſh acquaintance, I was the more eaſily prevailed on to ſatisfy his curioſity, though at the expence of a greater number of words than I could conveniently ſpare; and, at laſt, he made himſelf entirely maſter of my ſtory, from the time of my leaving the regiment in which I had ſerved, down to the day on which I delivered my recital. When I mentioned my having ſold my beaver-ſkins for a certain ſum, he ſtarted aſide, and

then

then lifting up his eyes in an ejaculatory manner, expreſſed his aſtoniſhment how a Chriſtian could be guilty of ſuch monſtrous diſhoneſty, which, he ſaid, was no better than one would have expected in a *Savage*; for that my ſkins were worth at leaſt three times the money. I ſmiled at his notions of comparative morality, and bore the intelligence with a calmneſs, that ſeemed to move his admiration. He thanked God that all were not ſo ready to take advantage of ignorance or misfortune, and cordially graſping my hand, begged me to make his houſe at Williamſburg my own, till ſuch time as I could procure my paſſage to England."

CHAP. XX.

Concluſion of the Stranger's ſtory.

"PUrſuant to this friendly invitation, I accompanied him to his houſe on our arrival in that place. For ſome days my landlord behaved to me in the moſt friendly manner, and furniſhed me, of his own accord, with linen and wearing-apparel; ſeveral articles of which, though neceſſaries in the poliſhed ſociety of thoſe amongſt whom I now reſided, my ideas of Indian ſimplicity made me conſider ſuperfluous.

"During this time I frequently attended him at his ſtore, while he was receiving conſignments of goods, and aſſiſted him and

and his ſervants in the diſpoſal and aſſortment of them. At firſt he received this aſſiſtance as a favor; but I could obſerve that he ſoon began to look upon it as a matter of right, and called me to bear a hand, as he termed it, in a manner rather too peremptory for my pride to ſubmit to. At laſt, when he ventured to tax me with ſome office of menial ſervility, I told him, I did not conſider myſelf his dependant any farther than gratitude for his favors demanded, and refuſed to perform it. Upon which he let me know, that he looked upon me as his ſervant, and that, if I did not immediately obey his command, he would find a way to be revenged of me. This declaration heightened my reſentment, and confirmed my refuſal. I deſired him to give me an account of what money he had expended,

in thoſe articles with which he had ſupplied me, that I might pay him out of the ſmall ſum I had in my poſſeſſion, and, if that was not ſufficient, I would rather ſell my new habiliments, and return to my rags, than be endebted for a farthing to his generoſity. He anſwered, that he would clear accounts with me by and by. He did ſo, by making oath before a magiſtrate, that I was a deſerter from his majeſty's ſervice, and, according to my own confeſſion, had aſſociated with the ſavages, enemies of the province. As I could deny neither of thoſe charges, I was thrown into priſon, where I ſhould have been in danger of ſtarving, had not the curioſity of ſome of the townsfolks induced them to viſit me, when they commonly contributed ſome trifle towards my ſupport; till at length, partly, I ſuppoſe, from

from the abatement of my accuſer's anger, and partly from the flagrancy of detaining me in priſon without any proviſion for my maintenance, I was ſuffered to be enlarged; and a veſſel being then ready to ſail for England, ſeveral of whoſe hands had deſerted her, the maſter agreed to take me on board for the conſideration of my working the voyage. For this indeed I was not in the leaſt qualified as to ſkill; but my ſtrength and perſeverance made up, in ſome operations, for the want of it.

"As this was before the end of the war, the ſhip in which I ſailed happened to be taken by a French privateer, who carried her into Breſt. This, to me, who had already anticipated my arrival at home, to comfort the declining age of a parent, was the moſt mortifying accident of any I

had hitherto met with; but the captain and ſome paſſengers who were aboard of us, ſeemed to make light of their miſfortune. The ſhip was enſured, ſo that in property the owners could ſuffer little; as for ourſelves, ſaid they, the French are the politeſt enemies in the world, and, till we are exchanged, will treat us with that civil demeanor, ſo peculiar to their nation. We are not (addreſſing themſelves to me) among *ſavages*, as you were.—How it fared with them, I know not; I and other inferior members of the crew, were thruſt into a dungeon, dark, damp, and loathſome; where, from the number confined in it, and the want of proper circulation, the air became putrid to the moſt horrible degree; and the allowance for our proviſion was not equal to two-pence a day. To hard living I could well enough

enough ſubmit, who had been frequently accuſtomed, among the Cherokees, to ſubſiſt three or four days on a ſtalk of Indian corn moiſtened in the firſt brook I lighted on; but the want of air and exerciſe I could not ſo eaſily endure. I loſt the uſe of my limbs, and lay motionleſs on my back, in a corner of the hole we were confined in, covered with vermin, and ſupported, in that wretched ſtate, only by the infrequent humanity of ſome ſailor, who crammed my mouth with a bit of his brown bread, ſoftened in ſtinking water. The natural vigor of my conſtitution, however, bore up againſt this complicated miſery, till, upon the concluſion of the peace, we regained our freedom. But when I was ſet at liberty, I had not ſtrength to enjoy it; and after my companions were gone, was obliged to

crawl ſeveral weeks about the ſtreets of Breſt, where the charity of ſome well-diſpoſed Frenchmen beſtowed now and then a trifle upon the *pauvre ſauvage*, as I was called, till I recovered the exerciſe of my limbs, and was able to work my paſſage in a Dutch merchant-ſhip bound for England. The mate of this veſſel happened to be a Scotchman, who, hearing me ſpeak the language of Britain, and having enquired into the particulars of my ſtory, humanely attached himſelf to my ſervice, and made my ſituation much more comfortable than any I had for ſome time experienced. We ſailed from Breſt with a fair wind, but had not been long at ſea till it ſhifted, and blew pretty freſh at Eaſt, ſo that we were kept for ſeveral days beating up the Channel; at the end of which it encreaſed to ſo vio-

lent

lent a degree, that it was impoſſible for us to hold a courſe, and the ſhip was ſuffered to ſcud before the ſtorm. At the cloſe of the ſecond day, the wind ſuddenly chopp'd about into a weſterly point, though without any abatement of its violence; and very ſoon after day-break of the third, we were driving on the ſouth-weſt coaſt of England, right to the leeward. The conſternation of the crew became now ſo great, that if any expedient had remained to ſave us, it would have ſcarce allowed them to put it in practice. The mate, who ſeemed to be the ableſt ſailor on board, exhorted them at leaſt to endeavor running the ſhip into a bay, which opened a little on our ſtarboard-quarter, where the ſhore was flat and ſandy; comforting them with the reflexion, that they ſhould be caſt on

friendly ground, and not among *ſavages*. His advice and encouragement had the deſired effect; and notwithſtanding the perils with which I ſaw myſelf ſurrounded, I looked with a gleam of ſatisfaction on the coaſt of my native land, which for ſo many years I had not ſeen. Unfortunately a ridge of rocks ran almoſt acroſs the baſon into which, with infinite labor, we were directing our courſe; and the ſhip ſtruck upon them, about the diſtance of half a league from the ſhore. All was now uproar and confuſion. The long-boat was lanched by ſome of the crew, who, with the captain, got immediately into her, and brandiſhing their long knives, threatened with inſtant death any who ſhould attempt to follow them, as ſhe was already loaded beyond her burden. Indeed there remained at this time in the

ſhip

ſhip only two ſailors, the mate, and myſelf; the firſt were waſhed overboard while they hung on the ſhip's ſide attempting to leap into the boat, and we ſaw them no more; nor had their hard-hearted companions a better fate; they had ſcarcely rowed a cable's length from the ſhip, when the boat overſet, and every one on board her periſhed. There now remained only my friend the mate, and I, who, conſulting a moment together, agreed to keep by the ſhip till ſhe ſhould ſplit, and endeavour to ſave ourſelves on ſome broken plank which the ſtorm might drive on ſhore. We had juſt time to come to this reſolution, when, by the violence of a wave that broke over the ſhip, her mainmaſt went by the board, and we were ſwept off the deck at the ſame inſtant. My companion could not ſwim; but I

had been taught that art by my Indian friends to the greateſt degree of expertneſs. I was therefore more uneaſy about the honeſt Scotchman's fate than my own, and quitting the maſt, of which I had caught hold on its fall, ſwam to the place where he firſt roſe to the ſurface, and catching him by the hair, held his head tolerably above water, till he was able ſo far to recollect himſelf, as to cling by a part of the ſhrouds of our floating main-maſt, to which I bore him. In our paſſage to the ſhore on this ſlender float, he was ſeveral times obliged to quit his hold, from his ſtrength's being exhauſted; but I was always ſo fortunate as to be able to replace him in his former ſituation, till, at laſt, we were thrown upon the beach, near to the bottom of that bay at the mouth of which our ſhip had ſtruck.

I was

I was not ſo much ſpent by my fatigue, but that I was able to draw the mate ſafe out of the water, and advancing to a croud of people whom I ſaw aſſembled near us, began to entreat their aſſiſtance for him in very pathetic terms; when, to my utter aſtoniſhment, one of them ſtruck at me with a bludgeon, while another making up to my fellow-ſufferer, would have beat out his brains with a ſtone, if I had not run up nimbly behind him, and daſh'd it from his uplifted hand. This man happened to be armed with a hanger, which he inſtantly drew, and made a furious ſtroke at my head. I parried his blow with my arm, and, at the ſame time, ſeizing his wriſt, gave it ſo ſudden a wrench, that the weapon dropped to the ground. I inſtantly poſſeſſed myſelf of it, and ſtood aſtride my companion with the

aſpect of an angry lioneſs guarding her young from the hunter. The appearance of ſtrength and fierceneſs which my figure exhibited, kept my enemies a little at bay, when fortunately we ſaw advancing a body of ſoldiers, headed by an officer, whom a gentleman of humanity in the neighbourhood had prevailed on to march to the place for the preſervation of any of the crew whom the ſtorm might ſpare, or any part of the cargo that might chance to be thrown aſhore. At ſight of this detachment the croud diſperſed, and left me maſter of the field. The officer very humanely took charge of my companion and me, brought us to his quarters in the neighbourhood, and accommodated me with theſe very cloaths which I now have on. From him I learned, that thoſe Engliſhmen, who (as our mate by way of

comfort

comfort obſerved) were not *ſavages*, had the idea tranſmitted them from their fathers, that all wrecks became their property by the immediate hand of God; and, as in their apprehenſion, that denomination belonged only to ſhips from which there landed no living thing, their hoſtile endeavors againſt the Scotchman's life and mine, proceeded from a deſire of bringing our veſſel into that ſuppoſed condition.

" After having weathered ſo many ſucceſſive diſaſters, I am at laſt arrived near the place of my nativity; fain would I hope, that a parent and a ſiſter, whoſe tender remembrance, mingled with that of happier days, now ruſhes on my ſoul, are yet alive to pardon the wanderings of my youth, and receive me after thoſe hardſhips

hardſhips to which its ungoverned paſſions have ſubjected me. Like the prodigal ſon, I bring no worldly wealth along with me; but I return with a mind conſcious of its former errors, and ſeeking that peace which they deſtroyed. To have uſed proſperity well, is the firſt favored lot of heaven; the next is his, whom adverſity has not ſmitten in vain."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

Bolton and his companion meet with an uncommon adventure.

WHEN the ſtranger had finiſhed his narration, Bolton expreſſed, in very ſtrong terms, his compaſſion for the hardſhips he had ſuffered. "I do not wiſh, ſaid he, to be the prophet of evil; but if it ſhould happen, that your expectations of the comfort your native country is to afford you be diſappointed, it will give me the trueſt pleaſure to ſhelter a head on which ſo many viciſſitudes have beat, under that roof of which Providence has made me maſter."—He was interrupted by the trampling of horſes at a diſtance; his fears, wakeful at this time, were immediately

mediately rouſed; the ſtranger obſerved his confuſion. "You ſeem uneaſy, ſir, ſaid he; but they are not the retreats of houſeleſs poverty like this, that violence and rapine are wont to attack."—"You miſtake," (anſwered Harry, who was now ſtanding at the door of the chapel,) "the ground of my alarm; at preſent I have a particular reaſon for my fears, which is nearer to me than my own perſonal ſafety." He liſtened;—the noiſe grew fainter; but he marked by the light of the moon, which now ſhone out again, the direction whence it ſeemed to proceed, which was over an open part of the common. "They are gone this way," he cried, with an eagerneſs of look, graſping one of the knotty branches which the ſoldier's fire had ſpared. "If there is danger in your way," ſaid his companion, "you ſhall not meet

meet it alone." They ſallied forth together.

They had not proceeded above a quarter of a mile, when they perceived, at a diſtance, the twinkling of lights in motion: their pace was quickened at the ſight; but in a few minutes thoſe were extinguiſhed, the moon was darkened by another cloud, and the wind began to howl again. They advanced however on the line in which they imagined the lights to have appeared, when, in one of the pauſes of the ſtorm, they heard ſhrieks, in a female voice, that ſeemed to proceed from ſome place but a little way off. They ruſhed forward in the direction of the ſound, till they were ſtopped by a pretty high wall. Having made ſhift to ſcramble

over

over this, they found themſelves in the garden belonging to a low-built houſe, from one of the windows of which, they ſaw the glimmer of a candle through the openings of the ſhutters; but the voice had ceaſed, and all was ſilent within. Bolton knocked at the door, but received no anſwer; when ſuddenly, the ſcreaming was repeated with more violence than before. He and his companion now threw themſelves with ſo much force againſt the door, as to burſt it open. They ruſhed into the room whence the noiſe proceeded; when the firſt object that preſented itſelf to Bolton was Miſs Sindall on her knees, her cloaths torn, and her hair diſhevelled, with two ſervants holding her arms, imploring mercy of ſir Thomas, who was calling out in a furious tone, "Damn

your

your pity, raſcals, carry her to bed by force."—" Turn, villain, cried Harry, turn, and defend yourſelf." Sindall ſtarted at the well-known voice, and pulling out a piſtol, fired it within a few feet of the other's face; he miſſed, and Bolton puſhed forward to cloſe with him; when one of the ſervants, quitting Miſs Sindall, threw himſelf between him and his maſter, and made a blow at his head with the but-end of a hunting-whip; this Harry catched on his ſtick, and in the return, levelled the fellow with the ground. His maſter now fired another piſtol, which would have probably taken more effect than the former, had not Bolton's new acquaintance ſtruck up the muzzle juſt as it went off, the ball going through a window at Harry's back. The baronet had

had his ſword now drawn in the other hand, and, changing the object of his attack, he made a furious paſs at the ſoldier, who parried it with his hanger. At the ſecond lounge, ſir Thomas's violence threw him on the point of his adverſary's weapon, which entered his body a little below the breaſt. He ſtaggered a few paces backwards, and clapping one hand on the place, leaned with the other on a table that ſtood behind him, and cried out, that he was a dead man. "My God! exclaimed the ſtranger, are not you ſir Thomas Sindall?"——"Sir Thomas Sindall!" cried a woman, who now entered, half-dreſſed, with the miſtreſs of the houſe, "It is, it is ſir Thomas Sindall," ſaid the landlady, "for God's ſake do his honour no hurt." "I hope,"

continued

continued the other, with a look of earneſt wildneſs, " you have not been a-bed with that young lady ?"—She waited not a reply —" for, as ſure as there is a God in heaven, ſhe is your own daughter."—Her hearers ſtood aghaſt as ſhe ſpoke !—Sindall ſtared wildly for a moment, then, giving a deep groan, fell ſenſeleſs at the feet of the ſoldier, who had ſprung forward to ſupport him. What aſſiſtance the amazement of thoſe about him could allow, he received; and, in a ſhort time, began to recover; but as he revived, his wound bled with more violence than before. A ſervant was inſtantly diſpatched for a ſurgeon; in the mean time the ſoldier procured ſome lint, and gave it a temporary dreſſing. He was now raiſed from the ground, and ſupported in an elbow-chair; he bent his eyes fixedly on the woman: " Speak,

ſaid he, while I have life to hear thee." On the faces of her audience ſat aſtoniſhment, ſuſpence, and expectation; and a chilly ſilence prevailed, while ſhe delivered the following recital.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

A proſecution of the diſcovery mentioned in the laſt chapter.

"I HAVE been a wicked woman; may God and this lady forgive me! but heaven is my witneſs, that I was thus far on my way to confeſs all to your honour, (turning to ſir Thomas Sindall) that I might have peace in my mind before I died.

"You will remember, ſir, that this young lady's mother was delivered of her at the houſe of one of your tenants, where Mr. Camplin (I think that was his name,) brought her for that purpoſe. I was entruſted with the charge of her as her nurſe,

along with ſome trinkets, ſuch as young children are in uſe to have, and a conſiderable ſum of money, to provide any other neceſſaries ſhe ſhould want. At that very time I had been drawn in to aſſociate with a gang of pilfering vagrants, whoſe ſtolen goods I had often received into my houſe, and helped to diſpoſe of. Fearing, therefore, that I might one day be brought to an account for my paſt offences, if I remained where I was, and having at the ſame time the temptation of ſuch a booty before me, I formed a ſcheme for making off with the money and trinkets I had got from Mr. Camplin: it was, to make things appear as if my charge and I had been loſt in croſſing the river, which then happened to be in flood. For this purpoſe, I daubed my own cloak, and the infant's wrapper, with mud and ſleech,

and

and left them close to the overflow of the ſtream, a little below the common ford. With ſhame I confeſs it, as I have often ſince thought on it with horror, I was more than once tempted to drown the child, that ſhe might not be a burden to me in my flight; but ſhe looked ſo innocent and ſweet, while ſhe claſped my fingers in her little hand, that I had not the heart to execute my purpoſe.

"Having endeavoured in this manner to account for my diſappearing, ſo as to prevent all farther enquiry, I joined a party of thoſe wretches, whoſe aſſociate I had ſome time been, and left that part of the country altogether. By their aſſiſtance too, I was put on a method of diſguiſing my face ſo much, that had any of my acquaintance met me, of which there was

very little chance, it would have been ſcarce poſſible for them to recollect it. My booty was put into the common ſtock, and the child was found uſeful to raiſe compaſſion when we went a-begging, which was one part of the occupation we followed.

"After I had continued in this ſociety the beſt part of a year, during which time we met with various turns of fortune, a ſcheme was formed by the remaining part of us (for ſeveral of my companions had been baniſhed, or confined to hard labour in the interval) to break into the houſe of a wealthy farmer, who, we underſtood, had a few days before received a large ſum of money on a bargain for the leaſe of an eſtate, which the proprietor had redeemed. Our project was executed

executed with ſucceſs; but a quarrel ariſing about the diſtribution of the ſpoil, one of the gang deſerted, and informed a neighbouring juſtice of the whole tranſaction, and the places of our retreat. I happened to be a-fortunetelling in this gentleman's houſe, when his informer came to make the diſcovery; and, being cloſetted with one of the maid-ſervants, overheard him enquiring for the juſtice, and deſiring to have ſome converſation with him in private. I immediately ſuſpected his deſign, and having got out of the houſe, eluded purſuit by my knowlege in the by-paths and private roads of the country. It immediately occurred to me to diſburden myſelf of the child, as ſhe not only retarded my flight, but was a mark by which I might be diſcovered: but, abandoned as I had then become, I

found myſelf attached to her by that ſort of affection which women conceive for the infants they ſuckle. I would not, therefore, expoſe her in any of thoſe unfrequented places through which I paſſed in my flight, where her death muſt have been the certain conſequence; and, two or three times, when I would have dropped her at ſome farmer's door, I was prevented by the fear of diſcovery. At laſt I happened to meet with your honour. You may recollect, ſir, that the ſame night on which this lady, then an infant, was found, a beggar aſked alms of you at a farrier's door, where you ſtopped to have one of your horſes' ſhoes faſtened. I was that beggar, and hearing from a boy who held your horſe, that your name was ſir Thomas Sindall, and that you were returning to a hunting-ſeat you had

in

in the neighbourhood, I left the infant on a narrow part of the road a little way before you, where it was impoſſible you ſhould miſs of finding her, and ſtood at the back of a hedge to obſerve your behaviour when you came up. I ſaw you make your ſervant pick up the child, and place her on the ſaddle before him. Then, having, as I thought, ſufficiently provided for her, by thus throwing her under the protection of her father, I made off as faſt as I could, and continued my flight, till I imagined I was out of the reach of detection. But, being ſome time after apprehended on ſuſpicion, and not able to give a good account of myſelf, I was advertiſed in the papers, and diſcovered to have been an accomplice in committing that robbery I mentioned, for which ſome of the gang had been already

condemned and executed. I was tried for the crime, and was caſt for tranſportation. Before I was put on board the ſhip that was to carry me and ſeveral others abroad, I wrote a few lines to your honour, acquainting you with the circumſtances of my behaviour towards your daughter; but this, I ſuppoſe, as it was entruſted to a boy who uſed to go on errands for the priſoners, has never come to your hands. Not long ago I returned from tranſportation, and betook myſelf to my old courſe of life again. But I happened to be ſeized with the ſmall-pox, that raged in a village I paſſed through; and, partly from the violence of the diſtemper, partly from the want of proper care in the firſt ſtages of it, was brought ſo low, that a phyſician, whoſe humanity induced him to viſit me, gave me over

for

for loſt. I found that the terrors of death on a ſick-bed had more effect on my conſcience than all the hardſhips I had formerly undergone, and I began to look back with the keeneſt remorſe on a life ſo ſpent as mine had been. It pleaſed God, however, that I ſhould recover, and I have ſince endeavoured to make ſome reparation for my paſt offences by my penitence.

" Amongſt other things, I often reflected on what I had done with regard to your child; and being ſome days ago accidentally near Sindall-Park, I went thither, and tried to learn ſomething of what had befallen her. I underſtood, from ſome of the neighbours, that a young lady had been brought up from her infancy with your aunt, and was ſaid to

be the daughter of a friend of yours, who had committed her to your care at his death. But, upon enquiring into the time of her being brought to your houſe, I was perſuaded that ſhe muſt be the ſame I had conjectured, imputing the ſtory of her being another's, to your deſire of concealing that ſhe was yours, which I imagined you had learned from the letter I wrote before my tranſportation; till, meeting, at a houſe of entertainment, with a ſervant of your honour's, he informed me, in the courſe of our converſation, that it was reported you were going to be married to the young lady who had lived ſo long in your family. On hearing this I was confounded, and did not know what to think; but, when I began to fear that my letter had never reached you, I trembled at the thought of what my wickedneſs

kedneſs might occaſion, and could have no eaſe in my mind, till I ſhould ſet out for Bilſwood to confeſs the whole affair to your honour. I was to-night overtaken by the ſtorm near to this houſe, and prevailed on the landlady, though it ſeemed much againſt her inclination, to permit me to take up my quarters here. About half an hour ago I was waked with the ſhrieks of ſome perſon in diſtreſs, and upon aſking the landlady, who lay in the ſame room with me, what was the matter, ſhe bid me be quiet and ſay nothing; for it was only a worthy gentleman of her acquaintance, who had overtaken a young girl, a foundling he had bred up, that had ſtolen a ſum of money from his houſe, and run away with one of his footmen. At the word *foundling*, I felt a kind of ſomething I cannot deſcribe, and I was terrified

terrified when I overheard ſome part of your diſcourſe, and gueſſed what your intentions were; I roſe, therefore, in ſpite of the landlady, and had got thus far dreſſed, when we heard the door burſt open, and preſently a noiſe of fighting above ſtairs. Upon this we ran up together, and to what has happened ſince, this company has been witneſs."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

Miſs Sindall diſcovers another relation.

IT is not eaſy to deſcribe the ſenſations of Sindall or Lucy, when the ſecret of her birth was unfolded. In the countenance of the laſt were mingled the indications of fear and pity, joy and wonder; while her father, turned upon her an eye of tenderneſs chaſtened with ſhame. "Oh! thou injured innocence! ſaid he, for I know not how to call thee child, canſt thou forgive thoſe——Good God! Bolton, from what haſt thou ſaved me!" Lucy was now kneeling at his feet.—"Talk not, ſir, ſaid ſhe, of the errors of the paſt; methinks I look on it as ſome horrid dream, which it dizzies my head to recollect.

lect. My father!—Gracious God! have I a father!—I cannot ſpeak; but there are a thouſand things that beat here!—is there another parent to whom I ſhould alſo kneel?" Sir Thomas caſt up a look to heaven, and his groans ſtopped, for a while, his utterance.—"Oh! Harriet! if thou art now an angel of Mercy, look down and forgive the wretch that murdered thee!"—"Harriet!" exclaimed the ſoldier, ſtarting at the ſound, "what Harriet? what Harriet?" Sindall looked earneſtly in his face—"Oh! heavens! he cried, art thou?—ſure thou art!—Anneſly!—look not, look not on me—thy ſiſter—but I ſhall not live for thy upbraidings—thy ſiſter was the mother of my child!—Thy father—to what does this moment of reflexion reduce me!—thy father fell with his daughter, the victims

tims of that villany which overcame her innocence!" Anneſly looked ſternly upon him, and anger for a moment enflamed his cheeks; but it gave way to ſofter feelings—"What, both! both!"—and he burſt into tears.

Bolton now ſtepped up to this new-acquired friend. "I am, ſaid he, comparatively, but a ſpectator of this fateful ſcene; let me endeavour to comfort the diſtreſs of the innocent, and alleviate the pangs of the guilty. In ſir Thomas Sindall's preſent condition, reſentment would be injuſtice. See here, my friend, (pointing to Lucy) a mediatrix, who forgets the man in the father." Anneſly gazed upon her. "She is, ſhe is, he cried, the daughter of my Harriet;—that eye, that lip, that look of ſorrow!"—He flung himſelf

himſelf on her neck; Bolton look'd on them enraptur'd; and even the languor of Sindall's face, was croſs'd with a gleam of momentary pleaſure!

Sir Thomas's ſervant now arrived accompanied by a ſurgeon, who upon examining and dreſſing his wound, was of opinion, that in itſelf it had not the appearance of imminent danger, but that from the ſtate of his pulſe he was apprehenſive of a ſupervening fever. He ordered him to be put to bed, and his room to be kept as quiet as poſſible. As this gentleman was an acquaintance of Bolton's, the latter informed him of the ſtate in which ſir Thomas's mind muſt be from the diſcoveries that the preceding hour had made to him. Upon which the ſurgeon begged that he might, for the preſent,

ſent, avoid ſeeing Miſs Sindall or Mr. Anneſly, or talking with any one on the ſubject of thoſe diſcoveries; but he could not prevent the intruſion of thought; and not many hours after, his patient fell into a roving ſort of ſlumber, in which he would often ſtart, and mutter the words Harriet, Lucy, Murder, and Inceſt.

Bolton and Lucy now enjoyed one of thoſe luxurious interviews, which abſence, and hardſhips during that abſence, procure to ſouls formed for each other. She related to him all her paſt diſtreſſes, of which my readers have been already informed, and added the account of that night's event, part of which only they have heard. Herſelf indeed was not then miſtreſs of it all; the ſtory at large was this:

The

The ſervant, whoſe attachment to her I have formerly mentioned, had been diſcovered, in that conference which produced her reſolution of leaving Bilſwood, by Mrs. Boothby's maid, who immediately communicated to her miſtreſs her ſuſpicions of the plot going forward between Miſs Sindall and Robert. Upon this the latter was ſeverely interrogated by his maſter, and being confronted with Sukey, who repeated the words ſhe had overheard of the young lady and him, he confeſſed her intention of eſcaping by his aſſiſtance. Sir Thomas, drawing his ſword, threatened to put him inſtantly to death, if he did not expiate his treachery by obeying implicitly the inſtructions he ſhould then receive; theſe were, to have the horſe ſaddled at the hour agreed on, and to proceed, without revealing to Miſs

Sindall

Sindall the confeſſion he had made, on the road which ſir Thomas now marked out for him. With this, after the moſt horrid denunciations of vengeance in caſe of a refuſal, the poor fellow was fain to comply; and hence his terror, when they were leaving the houſe. They had proceeded but juſt ſo far on their way, as ſir Thomas thought proper for the accompliſhment of his deſign, when he, with his valet de chambre, and another ſervant, who were confidants of their maſter's pleaſures, made up to them, and after pretending to upbraid Lucy for the imprudence and treachery of her flight, he carried her to this houſe of one of thoſe profligate dependants, whom his vices had made neceſſary on his eſtate.

When

When ſhe came to the cloſe of this recital, the idea of that relation in which ſhe ſtood to him from whom theſe outrages were ſuffered, ſtopped her tongue; ſhe bluſhed and faltered. "This ſtory, ſaid ſhe, I will now forget for ever—except to remember that gratitude which I owe to you." During the viciſſitudes of her narration, he had claſped her hand with a fearful earneſtneſs, as if he had ſhared the dangers ſhe related; he preſſed it to his lips.—"Amidſt my Lucy's preſent momentous concerns, I would not intrude my own; but I am ſelfiſh in the little ſervices ſhe acknowleges; I look for a return."—She bluſhed again—"I have but little art, ſaid ſhe, and cannot diſguiſe my ſentiments; my Henry will truſt them on a ſubject, which at preſent I know his delicacy will forbear."

Anneſly

Anneſly now entered the room, and Bolton communicated the truſt he was poſſeſſed of in his behalf, offering to put him in immediate poſſeſſion of the ſum which Mr. Rawlinſon had bequeathed to his management, and which that gentleman had more than doubled ſince the time it had been left by Anneſly's unfortunate father. "I know not, ſaid Anneſly, how to talk of thoſe matters, unacquainted as I have been, with the manners of poliſhed and commercial nations. When I have any particular purpoſe to apply money to, I will demand your aſſiſtance; in the mean time, conſider me as a minor, and uſe the truſt already repoſed in you, for my advantage, and the advantage of thoſe whom misfortune has allied to me."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

Sir Thomas's ſituation.—The expreſſion of his penitence.

NEXT morning, Sindall, by the advice of his ſurgeon, was removed in a litter to his own houſe, where he was ſoon after attended by an eminent phyſician in aid of that gentleman's abilities. Purſuant to his earneſt entreaties, he was accompanied thither by Anneſly and Bolton. Lucy, having obtained leave of his medical attendants, watched her father in the character of his nurſe.

They found on their arrival that Mrs. Boothby, having learned the revolutions of the preceding night, had left the place, and taken the road towards London. "I think

think not of her, ſaid ſir Thomas; but there is another perſon, whom my former conduct baniſhed from my houſe, whom I now wiſh to ſee in this aſſemblage of her friends, the worthy Mrs. Wiſtanly." Lucy undertook to write her an account of her ſituation, and to ſollicit her compliance with the requeſt of her father. The old lady, who had ſtill ſtrength and activity enough left for doing good, accepted the invitation; and the day following ſhe was with them at Bilſwood.

Sir Thomas ſeemed to feel a ſort of melancholy ſatisfaction in having this company of thoſe he had injured aſſembled under his roof. When he was told of Mrs. Wiſtanly's arrival, he deſired to ſee her, and taking her hand, "I have ſent for you, madam, ſaid he, that you

may help me to unload my ſoul of the remembrance of the paſt." He then confeſſed to her that plan of ſeduction by which he had overcome the virtue of Anneſly, and the honor of his ſiſter. "You were a witneſs, he concluded, of the fall of that worth and innocence which it was in the power of my former crimes to deſtroy; you are now come to behold the retribution of heaven on the guilty. By that hand, whom it commiſſioned to avenge a parent and a ſiſter, I am cut off in the midſt of my days." "I hope not, ſir, anſwered ſhe; your life, I truſt, will make a better expiation. In the puniſhments of the divinity there is no idea of vengeance; and the infliction of what we term evil, ſerves equally the purpoſe of univerſal benignity, with the diſpenſation of good." "I feel, replied ſir Thomas,

the

the force of that obſervation: the pain of this wound; the preſentiment of death which it inſtils; the horror with which the recollection of my inceſtuous paſſion ſtrikes me; all theſe are in the catalogue of my bleſſings. They indeed take from me the world; but they give me myſelf."

A viſit from his phyſician interrupted their diſcourſe; that gentleman did not prognoſticate ſo fatally for his patient; he found the frequency of his pulſe conſiderably abated, and expreſſed his hopes, that the ſucceeding night, his reſt would be better than it had been. In this he was not miſtaken; and next morning the doctor continued to think ſir Thomas mending; but himſelf perſiſted in the belief that he ſhould not recover.

For ſeveral days, however, he appeared rather to gain ground than to loſe it; but afterwards he was ſeized with hectic fits at ſtated intervals, and when they left him, he complained of a univerſal weakneſs and depreſſion. During all this time Lucy was ſeldom away from his bed-ſide: from her preſence he derived peculiar pleaſure; and ſometimes when he was ſo low as to be ſcarce able to ſpeak, would mutter out bleſſings on her head, calling her his ſaint, his guardian angel!

After he had exhauſted all the powers of medicine, under the direction of ſome of the ableſt of the faculty, they acknowleged all farther aſſiſtance to be vain, and one of them warned him, in a friendly manner, of his approaching end. He received this intelligence with the utmoſt compoſure,

compoſure, as an event which he had expected from the beginning, thanked the phyſician for his candor, and deſired that his friends might be ſummoned around him, while he had yet ſtrength enough left to bid them adieu.

When he ſaw them aſſembled, he delivered into Bolton's hands a paper, which he told him was his will. "To this, ſaid he, I would not have any of thoſe privy, who are intereſted in its bequeſts; and therefore I had it executed at the beginning of my ilneſs, without their participation. You will find yourſelf, my dear Harry, maſter of my fortune, under a condition, which, I believe, you will not eſteem a hardſhip. Give me your hand; let me join it to my Lucy's;—there!—if heaven receives the prayer of a peni-

tent, it will pour its richeſt bleſſings upon you.

" There are a few proviſions in that paper, which Mr. Bolton, I know, will find a pleaſure in fulfilling. Of what I have bequeathed to you, Mrs. Wiſtanly, the contentment you enjoy in your preſent ſituation makes you independant; but I intend it as an evidence of my conſciouſneſs of your deſerving.—My much injured friend, for he was once my friend, (addreſſing himſelf to Anneſly) will accept of the memorial I have left him.—Give me your hand, ſir; I receive my forgiveneſs from that wound which the arm of providence made me provoke from yours; and when you look on a parent's and a ſiſter's tomb, ſpare the memory of him whoſe death ſhall then have expiated the

wrongs

wrongs he did you!"—Tears were the only anſwer he received.—He pauſed a moment; then looking round with ſomething in his eye more elevated and ſolemn, "I have now, ſaid he, diſcharged the world; mine has been called a life of pleaſure; had I breath, I could tell you how falſe the title is; alas! I knew not how to live.—Merciful God! I thank thee—thou haſt taught me how to die!"

At the cloſe of this diſcourſe, his ſtrength, which he had exerted to the utmoſt, ſeemed altogether ſpent; and he ſunk down in the bed, in a ſtate ſo like death, that for ſome time his attendants imagined him to have actually expired. When he did revive, his ſpeech appeared to be loſt; he could juſt make a feeble ſign for a cordial that ſtood on the table near

near his bed: he put it to his lips, then laid his head on the pillow, as if reſigning himſelf to his fate.

Lucy was too tender to bear the ſcene; her friend, Mrs. Wiſtanly, led her, almoſt fainting, out of the room; "That grief, my dear Miſs Sindall, ſaid ſhe, is too amiable to be blamed; but your father ſuggeſted a conſolation which your piety will allow: of thoſe who have led his life, how few have cloſed it like him!"

THE CONCLUSION.

EARLY next morning ſir Thomas Sindall expired. The commendable zeal of the coroner prompted him to hold an inqueſt on his body; the jury brought in their verdict Self-defence. But there was a judge in the boſom of Anneſly, whom it was more difficult to ſatisfy; nor could he for a long time be brought to pardon himſelf that blow, for which the juſtice of his country had acquitted him.

After paying their laſt duty to ſir Thomas's remains, the family removed to Sindall-Park. Mrs. Wiſtanly was prevailed on to leave her own houſe for a while, and preſide in that of which Bolton was now maſter. His delicacy needed not

not the ceremonial of faſhion to reſtrain him from preſſing Miſs Sindall's conſent to their marriage, till a decent time had been yielded to the memory of her father. When that was elapſed, he received from her uncle that hand, which ſir Thomas had bequeathed him, and which mutual attachment entitled him to receive.

Their happineſs is equal to their merit: I am often a witneſs of it; for they honor me with a friendſhip which I know not how I have deſerved, unleſs by having few other friends. Mrs. Wiſtanly and I are conſidered as members of the family.

But their benevolence is univerſal; the country ſmiles around them with the effects of their goodneſs. This is indeed the only real ſuperiority which wealth has

has to beſtow; I never envied riches ſo much, as ſince I have known Mr. Bolton.

I have lived too long to be caught with the pomp of declamation, or the glare of an apophthegm; but I ſincerely believe, that you could not take from them a *virtue* without depriving them of a *pleaſure*.

THE END.

ERRATA in this Volume.

Page 19, line 5, for *whence*, read *where*.
P. 51, l. 6, for *thoughtfulness*, read *wistfulness*.

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